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COUNTY DRAFT BOARD CALLS ADDITIONAL 85

Makes Total of 435 Men Summoned to Procure Quota of 117.

TO HAVE SAFE MARGIN

First 350 Examined Produces About 104 Men Qualified for Military Service—Board to Resume Examinations Next Tuesday.

Centre County's Exemption Board is nearing the wind-up in the task of securing 117 men, the county's quota for Uncle Sam's new army. Examinations were completed Monday of the first 350 drafted men summoned. This number produced 104 or 105 men qualified for military service, after deducting all rejected for physical defects and those whose exemption claims were allowed. To fill out the quota 12 or 13 additional men are needed. To secure this number and also to provide a safe margin to cover any possible deficiencies, the Exemption Board has issued calls for 85 additional men to appear for examination next week. The first group will be examined on Tuesday, September 4th.

If official orders announced from Washington this week are not changed the first of Centre County's drafted men will leave for the training camp on September 5th. As now planned but five per cent. will leave on that date. This will mean five, and possibly six, Centre Countians scheduled to go as the first group. The second group to go will constitute forty per cent., or 46 or 47 men. They are booked to leave about September 19th. Another forty per cent. will leave about October 1st. No time has been fixed for the remaining fifteen per cent. to go. The Centre Countians will go to Camp Meade, at Admiral, Maryland.

Orders were issued on Monday for 10,000 Pennsylvania National Guardsmen to depart for Camp Hancock, at Augusta, Georgia, this week. Troop L, of Bellefonte, and the Boal Mounted Machine Gun Troop, of Boalsburg, are not among the troops designated in Monday's order.

Examinations of drafted men by the Exemption Board from last Thursday until the list was completed on Monday resulted as follows :

THURSDAY

PASSED

J. Friedman
Roy Edward Yarnell
Ralph Lester Rachau
James Orris Rice
George Alfred Crawford
George Henry Micheltree
Gioranni Pezzin
Elmer E. Sharpless
John Elliot Smith
Arthur Franklin Parker
William R. Lytle
Michael Sefrick
Calvin Rudy Coble
Earl Clark Hosband
Harman Bird
Clifford A. Heltman
Alfred G. Eisenhizer
Gasper Cortise
Floyd T. Woomer
Walter Scott Williams
Orris A. Harris
Gilbert Allen Shope
Allen A. Dunlap
Herman Benson Eves
John Albert Kaspick
Joseph Franklin Musick
George Edward Zerby
Curtin Stiver
James Thomas Caldwell
Frank Poli
William Nowatka

DISCHARGED

George Clarence Harper
Ray E. Shirely (temporary)
Howard Clare Confer
Forest I. Gill
Ralph Edward Dinges
Clarence Thomas Miller (temporary)
Jere Krazalaic
Curtin Stiver (temporary)

FRIDAY

PASSED

Alfred Harrison Walker
Joseph Lattimer Bryan
Holtzworth Harold Rowland
Arthur M. Kerin
John Girordi
Harry Edward Eckenroth
Antone Krioucky
Elmer Miles Watkins
Joseph John Lingle
Walter H. Traub
James E. Gherret
Steere Jaricic
John Linhust Houtz
Ralph Stine Walker
George A. Lohr
George Frank Williams
Adam H. Vonada
Harrison M. Crane
Roland D. Butler
J. Ray Williams
Nick Deanck
David Casper.

DISCHARGED

Daniel Harold Hendricks
John Wilson Condo
John Bosock (temporary)
J. Adam Vonada
Edward Thompson
Harry Franklin Auman
John James Hazel

SATURDAY

PASSED

Geo. Henry Showers
Francis R. Musser
William P. McGowan
Harry Murle Shawley
Harry C. Zeigler
William C. Showers
Harry F. Jones
Walter C. Nicholas
Elias Burton Hazzard
Guy P. Zimmerman
Lester P. Feidler
William W. Smith
Charles Andrew
Forest Glenn Rodgers
Wilbur Russell Myers
J. B. Moody
Thomas William Robins
John Stonia
Joseph J. Dancoe
Emmet F. Bathgate
Ray Wilson Kunes
Henry Rockey
Joseph G. Rathmell
Harris George Bechdel
Boyd H. Hamlin

DISCHARGED

William L. Spangler
James L. Redding
Leroy D. Locke
John David Homan
Michael Stasko
Amos Edgar Rimmey
Geo. Alexander Saul
George L. Brown
Michael Isaiah Rider
Wm. Scott Parker

MONDAY

PASSED

Ira D. Wilson
James Glenn Nolan
Samuel Mulbarger
Egnuts Benzie
Norman F. Siagel
Allen L. Whelland
Jacob H. Shay
William A. Marshall
Boyd C. Vonada
Samuel Ratz
Duke Fravel
John Wesley Clark
William F. Colyer
W. T. Barndt
Harold Sawtelle
John William Hartley
Leroy Bertram Love
John Calvin Hockman
Charles Green
Thomas Hurley
Guy G. Hoffer
Forrest Glenn Rodgers
John L. Lensburg
George Gedraitis
Harry G. Cox

DISCHARGED

Clarence Reuben Weber, (temporary)
Wilbur Confer
Joseph Potter Stere
Howard H. Bricker
Thomas Deakin
Andrew G. Carper
James Hurley
John L. Davis

Something New.

Next Saturday evening the True Blue Common Weal Club, of Lemont, will hold a parcel post sale on the grounds in front of the school house. It will be something new and interesting and there should be a large turnout of the people of that vicinity. Go get your mail and have a little fun. There will also be a sale of candy, peanuts and lemonade.

W. C. T. U. Convention.

The 32nd annual county convention of the W. C. T. U., will be held at Unionville in the M. E. church, Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 5th and 6th. Mrs. Viola D. Romans, a National W. C. T. U., organizer and Chautauqua lecturer will be one of the speakers. Every one is cordially invited to attend.

Building New Homes at Orviston.

The Haves Run Fire Brick company is erecting six double dwellings on the south side of the railroad at Orviston, in order to provide homes for the additional men required at the plant, and their families. The homes contain conveniences and are very desirable in every way.

Henry S. Sharer Dead.

Henry Simler Sharer, formerly of Port Matilda, died at Tyrone, Tuesday, aged 77 years.

Centre Countians Certified for New Army

The Centre County Exemption Board on Tuesday certified the names of fifty-two Centre Countians to the District Exemption Board, at Harrisburg, for service in the new federal army. They are as follows:—

Certified as examined and accepted:—
Charles Earnest Snyder, Philipsburg
Andy Koblichik, Clarence
John Henry Weaver, Bellefonte, R. F. D.
Niel Shaw, Snow Shoe
Peter Lyons, Bellefonte
Ellery Merril Miller, Howard, R. F. D.
Richard William Lucas, Howard
Charles F. Arney, Aaronsburg
John Bazosky, Philipsburg
Vinton Ray Schenck, Howard
John Whiteman, Centre Hall
Alton Paul Nelson, Philipsburg
Elmer Hoy Corman, Spring Mills
Robert Lytle, Philipsburg
William John Bowen, Bellefonte
Leslie J. Dietrich, Hublersburg
Allen Robert Wingard, Coburn
Lewis Alfred Crader, State College
Harold A. Thompson, Port Matilda
Harry Elliot Cowpher, Philipsburg
Sam Tenalia, Bellefonte
Guy C. Askey, Philipsburg
Thomas William Johnson, Bellefonte
John Coldren Lingle, Spring Mills
William Earle Musser, Lemont
James Nelson Dayon, Philipsburg
John Kiminski, Powelton
Frank Torrence Hess, Philipsburg
James Slaven, Orviston
Edward Oscar Lyons, Bellefonte
Sylvester Rene Walk, Port Matilda
Harry A. Holderman, Bellefonte
John Benzie, Bellefonte
Fred D. Reitz, Boalsburg
George F. Shaver, Martha
Frank H. Cadwallader, Philipsburg
Otto Edgar Spicer, State College
Jerome McCleary Ailman, State College
Otto F. Corman, Bellefonte
Douglas F. Brooks, Pleasant Gap
Frank James Miller, Philipsburg
Carl Max Furst, Port Matilda
Kiner Curtis McClure, Nittany
J. Paul Rumberger, Bellefonte, R. F. D.
John Robert Burns, Snow Shoe
Frank David Poorman, Orviston
Effin Lawick, Osceola Mills, R. F. D.
Basil J. F. Mott, Bellefonte
John Thompson Rowan, Fleming
Claude Confer, Howard

Certified as did not appear for physical examination:—
George Diem Thomas, Osceola Mills, (enlisted)
Paul Clark Hartsock, Port Matilda, (enlisted)
Joseph B. Plubell, Philipsburg, (enlisted)
Orle Wade, Philipsburg, (enlisted)
Bruce K. Jacobs, Clearfield, (enlisted)
John Bland, Howard
Ivan Walker, Bellefonte, (enlisted)
Wilfred Nedson Keller, Linden Hall, (enlisted)
Clayton James Watson, Moshannon
Mike Straneva, Orviston
Ralph Frank Hess, Philipsburg (enlisted)
George Yatchick, Clarence
Roy K. Metzgar, State College, (enlisted)

Note:—The four not marked "enlisted" were scheduled as delinquents and automatically become members of the army. James Clayton Watson, of Moshannon, appeared but not until after expiration of the time limit.

EXEMPTION DECISIONS

Centre County Exemption Board Allows 41 Claims and Refuses 8.

The Centre County Exemption Board in the last few days has disposed of claims for exemption filed by men drafted for military service, with the following result:—

ALLOWED

Howard Leslie Casper
James Thomas Caldwell
Roy Edward Yarnell
Elisha T. Kirk
James Philip Shaw
Harry H. Horner
Lloyd C. Shuey
Charles E. Frank
Archey J. Laird
Ralph Stine Walker
George Franklin Jackson
Elmer Roy Corman
William Wesley Smith
Herbert Ross Goodhart
Lester P. Fiedler
John L. Houtz
Harman Bird
Walter Scott Williams
John E. Ertle
Orvis Allen Harris
Oliver B. Shawver
George Edward Zerby
Adolph C. Laich
Stanley L. Heylman
Harry E. Eckenroth
Harry Merle Shawley
David R. Casper
Adam H. Vonada
Joseph C. Rathmell
George F. Williams
Harry C. Zeigler
Antone Krioncky
Elmer C. Sharpless
Gasper Cortese
Samuel V. Mulbarger
Rowland Dicard Butler
J. Ray Williams
Boyd C. Vonada
George H. Showers
John Wesley Clark
James Glenn Nolan

REFUSED

Arthur Franklin Parker
William Earle Musser
Victor N. Holt
John A. Kaspick
Jacob Friedman
Frank Poli
John Wilson
Earl C. Hosband

Painfully Injured.

Mrs. W. F. Hiller, of Tyrone, Saturday afternoon while cleaning a chicken, using alcohol in a saucer in singeing it, was badly burned. In some way the bottle toppled over into the flames and in an instant the woman's clothing caught fire and she was soon a flaming torch. She called for help and one of her daughters dashed a pan of water over her mother who had fallen to the floor. While her condition is serious it is earnestly hoped she will recover. Mrs. Hiller has friends in Bellefonte.

Read The Republican $1.50 a year in advance.

NINE ASK EXEMPTION

Six Seek Release from Military Service for Agricultural Reasons.

The following Centre Countians have filed appeals to the District Exemption Board, at Harrisburg, seeking release from military service : Carl M. Furst, Harold A. Thompson, A. C. Thomas, Allen A. Dunlap, Port Matilda; John C. Lingle, Spring Mills; Charles E. Arney, Aaronsburg; Arthur M. Kerin, Moshannon; Leslie J. Deitrich, Hublersburg; Richard W. Lucas, Howard. Furst, Lingle, Arney, Thompson, Deitrich and Lucas asked to be excused for agricultural reasons.

NEW FISH LAW

Measure Effective January 1, 1918, Embodies Number of Changes.

The new fish law, recently signed by Governor Brumbaugh, embodies a number of changes from the present law. It goes into effect January 1st, 1918. Open seasons, minimum size of fish and number that may be caught in one day follow:—

Brook trout and other trout, April 15 to July 31; six inches; 25.

Rock bass, white bass, crappie, strawberry, or calico bass, July 1 to Jan. 1.; six inches; 25.

Black bass, or small mouth bass; large mouth or green or yellow bass, July 1 to Jan. 1; nine inches; 12.

Pike-perch, otherwise called wall-eyed pike or Susquehanna salmon, July 1 to Jan. 1; twelve inches; 25.

Pickerel, July 1 to Jan. 1, twelve inches; 25.

Muscallonge or western pike, July 1 to Jan. 1; twenty-four inches; 4.

Yellow perch, July 1 to Jan. 1; six inches; 50.

For violations of any of the above provisions the penalty is a fine of $10 for each fish caught or taken from a stream.

The new law makes provision for the appointment of seventy-five wardens to patrol and protect the steams.

Marriage Licenses.

Register Frank Sassaman has issued the following marriage licenses:

Alfred P. Watson,	State College
Mary Rossman,	"
Boyd L. Sheats,	Spring Mills
Verna Vonada,	"
Harry A. McGonigal,	Osceola Mills
Margaret V. Walk,	"
Clifford Jackson,	Philipsburg
Mabel E. Rolley,	"
Frank McCrina,	Bellefonte
Edna E. Keen,	Millheim
Joseph G. Bean,	Philipsburg
Mabel Davis,	"

Notice to Jurors.

In last week's issue of The Republican the jury list for the September term of court contained two mis-placed subheadings over the traverse jurors. We desire to correct the error. The traverse jurors designated for the first week of court should have been marked as for the second week, and those for the second week as for the first.

CLAIM COAL COMPANIES POLLUTE WATER SUPPLY

Action to Enjoin Them Begun by Philipsburg Water Co.

BIG LAW SUIT AHEAD

Penn Public Service Co. and Citizens Water Co. are Plaintiffs—Claim Sulphur Pollutes Water Supply of Half Dozen Localities.

Litigation of far-reaching character is foreshadowed in proceedings instituted in the Centre County court in the last few days by the Penn Public Service Company, of Philipsburg, and the Citizens Water Co., also of Philipsburg, to enjoin a large number of coal mining companies and farmers from polluting the waters of Cold Stream Creek, from which water for drinking purposes is supplied to the residents of Philipsburg, South Philipsburg and Rush Township, in Centre County, and the borough of Chester Hill and the townships of Decatur and Morris, in Clearfield county. The contention of the plaintiffs is that water containing sulphur drains from the mines and pollutes Cold Stream Creek. It is also contended that the creek is polluted by drainage water from the barnyards of a number of farms in the locality in question.

The Citizens Water Co. furnishes drinking water to Philipsburg residents and is under contract to supply water to five water companies furnishing water to South Philipsburg, Chester Hill, and Rush, Decatur and Morris townships. Cold Stream Creek originates with and is fed by springs. It has a water shed area of approximately sixteen square miles. At the point of passing through Philipsburg the creek has a flow of 24,000,000 gallons daily. The Penn Public Service Co., furnishing light, heat and power to residents of Philipsburg and nearby communities, owns about forty acres of land abutting on Cold Stream Creek and upon this land has located its $400,000 plant. This company figures as a plaintiff in the proceedings on the ground that pure water is required for the operation of its plant and that as a result of sulphur entering the creek renewals of boilers, pipes, etc., costing $500 per month, are necessary.

The defendants named in the proceedings are the Harbison-Walker Refractories Co., the Moshannon Coal Mining Co., the Philipsburg Coal & Land Co., the Atherton-Barnes Co., George Dumbleton and Oliver Dumbleton, S. J. Dunham & Co., Stott and Rapsey, William Pritchard, Commodore Hassinger and Silas R. Thompson.

PASSENGER TRAIN WRECKED

A Number of Centre County Residents Receive Slight Injuries.

Monday morning there was a slight wreck on the Bald Eagle Valley railroad that might have caused more serious results. It was the passenger train that left Bellefonte at 9.15 for Tyrone. The trackmen are laying a new siding at Hannah station and it is said that one of the men had forgotten to turn the switch after using it and the result was that the train dashed into the switch and the engine was ditched at the end of the track. The baggage car was also pretty badly smashed while the passengers changed seats in very short order. It jolted quite a number of the passengers to the floor but none received serious injuries although some of them were very nervous from the shock. The accident occurred about 10 o'clock and by 12.30 the track was cleared. The passengers were transferred and taken to Tyrone.

According to the Tyrone Herald engineer P. B. Smith and fireman J. H. Stewart were both slightly injured by jumping.

The following passengers received slight injuries and were given medical attention by the company surgeons on their arrival at Tyrone.

Mrs. Harry Zieme, Johnstown, Pa., age 28 years.

Mrs. C. F. Miller, Millheim, Pa., age 39 years.

Abram Hanscon, Mt. Eagle, Pa., age 46 years.

Clarence Lower, Lewisburg, Pa.

Miss Cora Mothersbaugh, near Bald Eagle, age 24 years.

Miss Deama Stouffer, Snow Shoe, Pa.

J. E. LaBarre, Bellefonte, Pa.

Suspend Sentence on Two.

In court on Monday Judge Quigley suspended sentence on Minnie Auman, charged with conducting a bawdy house, and Ross R. Dickey, charged with bigamy.

TITAN METAL CO. TO BUY NITTANY FURNACE SITE

To Erect Modern Plant Immediately Nearby Bellefonte.

BUILDING 60 x 200 FEET

Plant to be of Reinforced Concrete—Structural Iron for Framework Finished and Ready for Delivery by Contractor H. S. Moore.

The Titan Metal Co. has about completed arrangements for the purchase of the site of the old Nittany Furnace Co., nearby Bellefonte. One or two matters of a minor character are still to be closed before the deal is consummated. It is expected that this will be done in the next day or two, and if so work will be rushed on a new and modernly equipped plant.

The new plant of the company will be of reinforced concrete. The steel structural work is finished and ready for erection. The contract for the steel work was awarded to H. S. Moore, of Bellefonte, and he has it completed and in readiness for delivery. Mr. Moore said on Tuesday that it will require about two weeks to put the steel framework in place. The building will be 60x200 feet.

Some weeks ago the Titan Metal Co. had about completed arrangements to remove its plant from near Milesburg to the old glass works meadow, at Bellefonte. Complications over railroad sidings developed and the plans fell through. The proposition to take over the site of the old Nittany Furnace Co., better known as the Valentine Furnace, was then undertaken.

WILLIAMS REUNION

Annual Gathering of Clan at Martha Attracted Large Crowd.

Saturday dawned bright and beautiful which gave the people of Bald Eagle valley an opportunity to attend the annual reunion of the Williams family which was held in John Q. Miles grove, at Martha. The fact that there were no noon trains and the present war prices had a tendency of somewhat reducing the attendance from previous years, as this year there very few friends present from a distance. Notwithstanding this was true the people in the valley turned out liberally and everybody present had a good, roval time. When you go to visit one of the Williams family or kin you can just make up your mind that the fatted calf will be slaughtered and we guarantee that you will not drink anything stronger than coffee and milk.

This year the automobile was the chief factor in getting the people to and from the grounds. The music for the occasion was furnished by the Runville band although there was a sprinkling of Bellefonte and Colevills musicians present. Their selections were very much enjoyed by the pleasure seekers.

The exercises at the speaker's stand was in charge of Rodger Williams who did it up in elegant style. The address of welcome was made by Rev. J. C. Moses, pastor of the United Brethren church, at Port Matilda, which was responded to by Rev. Mr. McIlroy, pastor of the Baptist church at Martha. Both these address were in harmony with the occasion because they paid a high tribute to the character and usefulness of the Williams family which is one of the oldest and most highly respected in the famous Bald Eagle valley. Other addresses were made by Rev. Howard Merril Ake, at one time a Methodist preacher in the valley, but who now wears an Episcopal gown and is located at Berwick, and Clement Dale, of Bellefonte. The latter told a story in which an Irishman couldn't see how it was possible for a lawyer and an honest man to be buried in the same grave which seemed to take the audience by storm.

The dinner hour soon arrived and as usual the grove was dotted over with dinner parties and to see how the chickens had been slaughtered one came to the conclusion that the people of the community didn't care for expenses when it comes to having a good time. The strangers within their gates were all invited to partake of a square meal at the different tables, and thus the liberality of the people was again shown. The viands were of the choicest and everybody enjoyed partaking of them in the woods. During the day there were two games of base ball between Martha and a club from Philipsburg and one from State College. Both games ended in 3-0 in favor of the visiting teams. At the ice cream stand they did a big business and had it been a litte warmer more of it would have been sold. Taking everything together the day was well spent and everybody went away in the evening feeling that it was good to be there.

Government Regulates Rates for Anthracite Coal.

Government control of the coal industry was made almost complete when last Thursday night President Wilson named Dr. H. A. Garfield, president of Williams college, fuel administrator, fixed anthracite prices for producers and jobbers and set a limit on profits to be made by bituminous wholesalers.

The next and final step will be to make regulations for coal distribution and to fix anthracite and bituminous retail prices. This will be done when a distribution program is perfected and when the federal trade commission has completed a plan under which retail profits may be fixed.

The anthracite prices fixed effective September 1st are somewhat higher than those now charged at the mines under a voluntary arrangement made by producers with the trade commission. The prices that may be charged by jobbers, however, will reduce present costs sharply. Bituminous jobbers' profits, too, will be cut by the new price scale set for wholesale transactions.

The anthracite scale for railroad owned mines which include practically all the big producers follows :

White Ash—broken $4.55, egg $4.35, stove $4.70, chestnut $4.80, pea $4. Red Ash—broken $4.75, egg $4.65, stove $4.90, chestnut $4.90, pea $4.10. Lykens Valley—broken $5, egg $4.90, stove $5.30, chestnut $5.30, pea $4.35.

Other producers may charge an advance of 75 cents a ton of 2,240 pounds over the figures set for the railroad owned mines. Those who incur the expenses of re-screening it at Atlantic or lake ports may add an additional five cents a ton.

Anthracite jobbers delivering coal at Buffalo and points east of that city will be allowed a maximum profit of twenty cents a ton of 2,240 pounds and those delivering it west of Buffalo may charge an excess of thirty cents. The combined gross profits of any number of jobbers handling a shipment must not exceed the limit of profit set for a single jobber, except that a screening charge of five cents may be made on water shipments at Atlantic or lake ports.

Bituminous profits for jobbers are fixed at 15 cents a ton of 2,000 pounds and the same restrictions that govern dealings by a number of anthracite jobbers apply to bituminous transactions.

The President's order forbids railroad owned mines from selling to other mines and prohibits dealers from selling coal produced by railroad owned mines on a basis of prices fixed for other mines.

The bituminous jobbers' prices become effective immediately as did bituminous mine prices announced earlier in last week.

The coal administration will be organized as soon as Dr. Garfield has completed his work of recommending to the food administration a government price for the wheat crop.

Dr. Garfield announced he would institute a licensing system for all coal dealings from the mine to the retailer and that if prices were fixed for retailers, the licensing would be extended to cover retail dealings.

Under the law, giving the president control of fuels, the government can take over and operate any mines failing to observe regulations prescribed. A corporation similar to the wheat corporation of the administration was suggested recently as a possibility to prepare the government to handle the situation if the price fixing plan does not work out satisfactorily. The last resort under the law is government requisitioning of the output of all mines and the sale of it to the public. The organization of an operating and purchasing corporation would provide all the machinery necessary to put the commandeering provision of the law into operation.

Fixing of retail prices presents a tangled problem. Handling costs are not the same in any two cities and a flat gross margin that will assure equitable profits will be hard to fix. On the other hand, a percentage profit plan would present even more difficulties because of trouble in keeping track of bookkeeping methods.

Some officials believe retail prices may be reduced by exposure of dealers who have been reaping exorbitant profits. Already the trade commission is publishing reports of its investigations in various cities, designed to show that in anthracite particularly, the retailer largely is to blame for high prices.

There has been but little complaint of anthracite prices charged at the mines since the producer and the Trade Commission agreed some months ago on a scale of prices, but there has been no law under which jobbers and retailers could be curbed. In fixing anthracite prices however, it was deemed essential that prices be fixed at the mines, as well as elsewhere.

The biggest problem ahead of the coal administration, as seen by officials who have studied the situation, is the labor situation. The general reduction of prices in the bituminous fields probably means that labor will be disappointed in many requests for wage increases based on the high prices producers have been receiving for their output.

If there are strikes and production is reduced the government can take over and operate the mines, but it has no power to compel labor to work. Officials of the government and labor representatives are conducting negotiations over this problem. Some operators have declared it will be impossible for them to grant wage increases under the new scale of prices and throughout the middle west and in other parts of the country general coal mine strikes are pending.

Early extension of government control to fuel oils is predicted by officials. Power to fix prices for oils and to govern their distribution and sale is given to the president in the coal clause of the food bill.

FREE TRIPS FOR VETERANS

State to Pay Transportation to Reunion and Jubilee at Vicksburg.

Centre County veterans of the Civil war who participated in the siege of Vicksburg will be interested in the following official announcement from Harrisburg :

Announcement is hereby made that at the recent session of the General Assembly of Pennsylvania, the following Act was passed and duly approved by the Governor, May 29th, 1917 :

To provide transportation to and from Vicksburg, Mississippi, for all surviving soldiers of those organizations which participated in the siege of Vicksburg, Mississippi, in June and July, one thousand eight hundred and sixty three, to enable them to unite in participation of a National Memorial Reunion and Peace Jubilee, to be held in the national domain, within the Vicksburg National Military Park, October sixteenth, seventeenth, eighteenth, and ninetenth, one thousand nine hundred and seventeen; and making an appropriation for said transportation, and providing for the expenses of the commission appointed under the provisions of this act.

Section 1. Be it enacted, &c., That there shall be provided and furnished, at the expense of the Commonwealth, to all surviving honorably discharged soldiers, resident in Pennsylvania at the date of the passage of this act, and whose names are borne upon the rolls of the Forty-fifth, Fiftieth, Fifth-first, and One Hundredth Regiments of Pennsylvania Volunteers, and Durell's Battery of Pennsylvania, which organizations participated to the siege of Vicksburg, transportation to cover distance from the railway station in Pennsylvania at which such soldier lives, or from the railway station in Pennsylvania nearest to their places of residence, by the shortest and most convenient route, to Vicksburg, Mississippi, and return; and it shall be so arranged, as to terms of passage, that the said transportation shall be good for at least twenty days.

Section 2. That the Adjutant General of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania be and is hereby directed, authorized, and empowered to provide transportation for said soldiers, as aforesaid, to and from Vicksburg, Mississippi. For such transportation he is authorized to pay such sums of money as shall be agreed upon; and the Adjutant General is further authorized to provide such blanks and establish such rules for the reception of application and the issuance of orders for transportation as may be deemed proper, and shall give publicity to the provisions of this act, in order that all soldiers entitled to transportation under the same may avail themselves of its benefits.

Section 3. That any person who shall impersonate any soldier entitled to the provisions of this act to secure transportation under it, or use or attempt to use the transportation provided for such soldiers, or any soldiers who, having procured such transportation, and who shall sell, barter, trade, or dispose of such transportatton in any manner whatsoever to any other person, shall be guilty of misdemeanor, and upon conviction thereof shall be fined not more than fifty dollars, or imprisonment not more than one month, or both, at the discretion of the court.

Section 4. That the sum of ten thousand dollars, or so much thereof as may be necessary, is hereby appropriated out of any money in the Treasury, not otherwise appropriated, to defray the expense of transportation provided for in this act. Said appropriation to be paid on the warrant of the Auditor General, upon the requisition of the Adjutant General drawn in the usual manner. The Adjutant General shall, within ninety days after the close of the National Memorial Reunion and Peace Jubilee, file with the Auditor General itemized vouchers showing the disbursements for said transportation.

Section 5. That the Governor shall appoint three commissioners, members of the Grand Army of the Republic, Department of Pennsylvania, who need not necessarily be members of the organizations which participated in the Siege of Vicksburg. The duty of said commissioners shall be to make all necessary arrangements for the comfort of the representatives of the regiments aforesaid, including Durell's Battery, while in attendance at said reunion. The sum of six hundred dollars, or so much thereof as may be necessary, is hereby appropriated, out of any money in the Treasury not otherwise appropriated, to defray the expenses of the said commission. Said appropriation to be paid by warrant of the Auditor General, upon the requisition of the Adjutant General, who shall file with the Auditor General, within ninety days after the close of the National Memorial Reunion and Peace Jubilee, itemized vouchers showing the disbursements of said commission for said expenses.

The National Memorial Reunion and Peace Jubilee will be held at Vicksburg, Mississippi, October 16th to October 19th, 1917, inclusive.

Transportation at the expense of the State will be furnished only to surviving honorably discharged soldiers resident in Pennsylvania on May 29th 1917 and whose names are borne upon the rolls of the forty-fifth, fiftieth, fifty-first and one hundredth regiments of Pennsylvania volunteers and Durell's Battery of Pennsylvania.

No allowance is made or paid by the State for subsistence, quarters, or parlor car accommodations. Transportation only is furnished.

Those entitled to transportation under the provisions of the Act of Assembly are requested to communicate immediately with Thomas J. Stewart, Adjutant General, Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, giving their full name, post office address (street, town or city, and county), date of enlistment, date of discharge, the Company and Regiment in which they served, and upon receipt of such information proper blank form of application will be furnished, together with additional information.

All applications for transportation must be filed with the Adjutant General not later than October 1st 1917, and it is therefore necessary that application for proper blank forms be made immediately.

Requested that commanding or presiding officers of organizations receiving this circular arrange to give the matter the greatest possible publicity, either by postal card to members of organizations or by insertion in local newspapers.

THOS. J. STEWART
Adjutant General,
Harrisburg, Pa.

ESCAPES THE ELECTRIC CHAIR

Ernest Haines, of Brookville; Now a Free Man.

A few months ago under sentence to be electrocuted for complicity in the murder of his father, Ernest Haines, of Brookville, Pa., is today a free man. A jury in the retrial of his case, after three days of deliberations, reported a verdict of "not guilty" shortly before noon Friday. The case went into its hands Tuesday last. The verdict caused a general surprise.

Convicted in the first trial, Haines' case was appealed to the Governor and a campaign seeking the abolition of capital punishment in Pennsylvania resulted. Finally a new trial was procured.

Ward Mottern is now under sentence for the actual killing of the elder Haines, the date of his execution being set for September 10th. He is endeavoring to obtain a retrial.

Ward Mottern and Ernest Haines were arrested the day after Haines' father had been murdered at a railroad cut near Sprankle Mills. Mottern, immediately after his arrest, confessed, saying that he had shot William Haines at the request of Ernest Haines so that the latter might rob him of $252 he knew he carried on his person.

Haines denied complicity in the crime from the outset, but Mottern's story told at the trial of Haines, after he himself had been convicted of first-degree murder, was so thoroly corroborated by the State that after deliberation a jury found Haines guilty of first-degree murder. Judge Charles Corbet immediately sentenced both to death in the electric chair.

Haines was but 17 years of age at the time of the crime and Mottern not yet 17 Because of their youth there was state-wide agitation to have their sentence commuted from death to life imprisonment. Twice the case of each youth was carried to the pardon board and twice the applications were refused.

In a last desperate effort to save Haines his attorneys made application before the Supreme court for a new trial alleging that the Jefferson county court had erred in permitting Mottern, accomplice of Haines, to testify in the trial of Haines that they were associated in the robbing of a store. The court upheld this contention and granted Haines a retrial.

The defense offered one or two new witnesses, but their case was generally regarded as considerably weaker than at the first trial. Haines, it is said, will remain in Brookville for the time being. There seems to be a general conviction in the vicinity of Sprankle Mills that he is guilty and feeling there is high.

Mrs. Alfred Calhoun Dead.

Mrs. Alfred Calhoun, a former resident of Philipsburg, died on August 22nd at her late home at Connoquenessing, Pa. She was a native of Clearfield and a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Whitehill.

Mrs. H. L. Taylor Dead.

Mrs. H. L. Taylor died at her late home in Pittsburgh on August 22nd, following a lingering illness. She was a former resident of Philipsburg, at which place interment was made last Friday.

Advertise in "The Republican"

THE GREEN VAULTS

They Hold the Sultan's Vast Store of Hidden Wealth.

BILLIONS IN RICH TREASURE.

Besides the Gem Laden Throne of Beaten Gold, These Heavily Guarded Caves Secrete the Hoardings of All the Greedy Rulers of Turkey.

In the green vaults of the porte lies hidden away what is perhaps the greatest treasure in the world, collected for centuries by Turkey's greedy rulers and hoarded away from the gaze of any inquisitive mortal. No one has ever been able to estimate the value of the sultan's jewels, for the treasures are guarded by day and night. There are at least twelve sets of heavily barred doors to pass before the actual entrance is reached to this Aladdin's cave. For every lock there are two keys, intrusted to as many custodians, each having twenty-four guards. These are supposed to spy on each other, as well as protect the guardians of the keys.

The green vaults of Constatio, as the treasure caves are called, are within the grounds of the porte. Approached through a court called Dar-es-So'adet—the court of felicity—it is seen to be a low domed edifice with an interesting doorway, enriched with marbles and tiles.

The jewels appear to consist mainly of set and unset precious stones. All information regarding them, however, is kept secret because of the impoverished condition of the country, and if the exact amount of the sultan's wealth were discovered certain unscrupulous leaders might be tempted to "break in and steal." The gossipers of Constantinople say, however, that if a person offered £600,000,000 for the green vaults and secured their contents he would make a great bargain.

Perhaps the throne of beaten gold, adorned with millions of rubies, pearls, diamonds, sapphires and emeralds set in mosaic, is the most dazzling object in the treasury of the "Shadow of God on Earth." How Selim I. ever brought it from Persia away back in the fifteenth century, when traveling was so difficult, is quite beyond human comprehension.

Nowhere in the world are there precious stones to compare with the two great emeralds which adorn the top of the sultan's throne. One of them weighs four pounds and is as big as a man's hand, the other being a trifle smaller.

On a table of ebony and sandalwood, within reach of the throne, stands a marvelous golden tankard incrusted with 4,000 diamonds. By its side lies a platter wrought of the purest gold and literally veneered with diamonds. On the ground surrounding this dazzling site are scattered thousands of rubies, pearls, turquoises and emeralds mingled with exquisitely carved diamond buttons. The magnitude of the whole thing makes one gasp with amazement.

There are effigies of the sultans clad in robes of state from 1451 to 1839, with jewels on the feathers of their turbans, daggers and swords which are priceless, as are the wonderful rubies and emeralds in the clasps of Ibrahim and Solyman II.

No museum in the world can boast a richer collection of armor, scimitars, shields, pistols, saddles, sandals, canes and the like, all bejeweled or wrought of gold.

When the sultana gives a banquet in her harem the treasury is generally raided for the occasion. At one of these revels bouquets of diamond flowers stretching from shoulder to shoulder were worn by the sultan's favorites. The sultana herself was adorned with ropes of pearls of unparalleled size, and in her ears were birds the size of butterflies holding in their beaks sparkling gems. The sultan's granddaughter, a mere infant of eleven, used to be tortured by having her hair done up in a knot on top of her head inside a diamond crown, the front of her dress covered with diamond orders, while her hands were incased with golden mittens studded with precious stones.

Few are aware that the sultan is in receipt of the largest income paid to any earthly sovereign—something like £1,000,000 a year—and has the right to ask for more should his privy purse run short. The treasury of useless wealth hoarded away in the green vault, if converted into cash and used for national purposes, would transform the miserable Ottoman empire into one of the richest powers of the world.—Exchange.

The Swanee River.

It is related that when Stephen Collins Foster was composing "The Old Folks at Home" he was at a loss for the name of a river which would be melodious and also fit the rhythm of the song.

A brother suggested "Pedee"—"Way down upon the Pedee river."

"No," said the composer. "Pedee is not poetical enough."

Various other names were tried, only to be rejected by the fastidious author.

At length a gazetteer was obtained, and Foster looked through long lists of names until he reached Suwanee or Swanee, as it is usually written.

The suitable name was found, and in this manner was immortality bestowed upon that hitherto almost unknown little southern river.—Philadelphia Record.

A little loss frightens; a great one tames.—Spanish proverb

....44th ANNUAL....

ENCAMPMENT and EXHIBITION

Of the Patrons of Husbandry of Central Penna.

Grange Park, Centre Hall, Pa.

September 8th to 14th, 1917

Encampment opens September 8th. Exhibition opens September 10th

The largest and best fair in Central Pennsylvania; by farmers and for farmers. Twenty-eight acres are devoted to camping and exhibition purposes. Ample tent accommodations for all desiring to camp.

A large display of Farm Stock and Poultry, Farm Implements, Fruits, Cereals and every production of Farm and Garden.

ADMISSION FREE

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VALUABLE ADVICE

Bellefonte Citizens Should Profit by the Following Statement.

Doan's Kidney Pills were used by this Bellefonte resident.

Their merit was shown—the story told.

Now comes further evidence.

The testimony is confirmed.

The remedy was tested—the results lasted.

Could Bellefonte residents demand stronger proof?

It's Bellefonte testimony. It can be investigated.

James H. Rine, carpenter, 239 High St., says : "My back was so weak I could hardly put on my shoes. I had severe pains through my limbs and could hardly drag myself around. Doan's Kidney Pills, which I got at Green's Pharmacy Co., cured me."

Over Three Years Later Mr. Rine said : "I have had no occasion to use Doan's Kidney Pills since they cured me."

Price 60c, at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—Get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mr. Rine has twice publicly recommended. Foster-Milburn Co., Mfgrs., Buffalo, N. Y.

Read The Republican $1.50 a year n advance.

John Limbert Dead.

John Limbert who was born in Brush Valley, Centre county, died recently in the soldiers' home at Kearney, N. J., at the age of 79 years, 2 months and 6 days. At the outbreak of the Civil war he enlisted in Co. F. 56th regiment. He served during the war and rose from the rank of a private to the office of first lieutenant. After the war he returned to Aaronsburg where he went into the hotel business. He finally drifted away to other towns and ended up in the soldiers' home. He is survived by one brother, Benjamin Limbert, of Madisonburg. Interment was made at Harrisburg.

CHICHESTER S PILLS

THE DIAMOND BRAND.
Ladies! Ask your Druggist for Chi-ches-ter's Diamond Brand Pills in Red and Gold metallic boxes, sealed with Blue Ribbon. Take no other. Buy of your Druggist. Ask for CHI-CHES-TER'S DIAMOND BRAND PILLS, for 25 years known as Best, Safest, Always Reliable

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE

DOLLARS SAVED

On all Guaranteed Make Tires

Sell us your worn out tires. Get circular No. 27P stating sizes and makes wanted.

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Pennsylvania Railroad

SPECIAL TRAINS
ACCOUNT
Patrons of Husbandry
AT
GRANGE PARK--CENTRE HALL
Wednesday and Thursday, September 12 and 13

EASTWARD				WESTWARD	
September 12 and 13	September 13 only	STATIONS		Sept mber 13 only	September 12 and 13
A. M.	P. M.	A. M.		A. M.	P. M.
10.00	6.30	5.30	Lv.....Bellefonte.....Ar	8.35	10.45
10.05	6.35	.....	.....Axemann.....	.....	10.39
10.09	6.39	.....	.....Pleasant Gap.....	.....	10.33
10.21	6.51	.....	.....Dale Summit.....	.....	10.21
10.26	6.56	5.55	.....Lemont.....	.....	10.15
10.30	7.00	6.00	.....Oak Hall.....	.....	10.10
10.35	7.05	6.05	.....Linden Hall.....	.....	10.03
10.50	7.20	6.15	Ar.CentreHall(GrangePark.)Lv	7.52	9.45
.....	7.30	6.15	Lv.CentreHall(GrangePark.)Ar	7.52	9.00
.....	7.40	.....	.....Penn Cave.....	7.42	8.50
.....	7.48	.....	.....Risings Springs.....	7.34	8.42
.....	8.00	.....	.....Zerby.....	7.22	8.30
.....	8.10	6.40	Ar.....Coburn.....Lv	7.15	8.20

HIS FIRST DEPOSIT.

Makes a young man feel like a different fellow He commences to feel that he has something. He has. A deposit in the Bellefonte Trust Co. means the beginning of a fund which may lead to fortune and certainly to old age comfort and independence.

Bellefonte Trust Company,
Allegheny Street Bellefonte, Pa.

Confounded The Gossips

Romance Grew Out of a Trip to a Country Town

By Alice Louise Lee

Copyright by Alice Louise Lee.

If thirty-five years of unmarried life entitle a woman to the sobriquet of "old maid," Elizabeth Fairchild could read her title clear, but of those other attributes supposed to mark an advanced state of single blessedness she possessed none.

She was sunny of disposition and met life with the optimism of girlhood. Within her bubbled a living spring of contentment which filled her deep eyes with happiness and made the smiles play about her lips as she worked in her little studio or wandered among the fields and woods back of Highlands.

By the little country town—where marriage was considered the early duty of the individual—she was regarded with great curiosity, and many were the speculations rife as to her probable "chances" during those years, when, as art student and teacher, she had been absent from home.

Being keenly aware of the attitude of her fellow citizens, her heart sank when a letter from Stanley Callaman briefly and abruptly announced that he would arrive at the Highlands the evening of Sept. 8 in order to discuss with her new designs for some decorated china he had ordered.

There was no hotel in the village, and she realized the painfulness of entertaining any man who was single and advanced in age, within range of the eyes of Mrs. Bissell watching behind her blinds twenty feet from the east porch; of Mrs. Cavendish, twenty feet from the west bay window; of Mrs. Nash, just across the way, and of Lem Brown, the self constituted village wit, traveling past the front porch.

"Why, mother," exclaimed Elizabeth, half laughing, half frowning, "Highlands will have me engaged to him within an hour after his arrival."

"What do you care?" retorted Mrs. Fairchild, who was white haired, but fun loving still. "I'd like to see Lem Brown get his deserts for once."

"The probabilities are," Elizabeth told herself cheerily as she set her little studio in order the afternoon of the 8th, "that Mr. Callaman will see nothing and hear nothing which will betray the Highlands' matrimonial sentiments."

Whereupon she sang gayly and donned a becoming white dress and stylish black hat without at all realizing what a trim and attractive china decorator Mr. Callaman was destined to meet at the little country station.

Her acquaintance with him was brief and confined to an exchange of letters on the subject of painted china. A mutual acquaintance had induced him to give her the first order. The succeeding ones were given voluntarily and were oddly extensive for a bachelor.

The train was just pulling in when she arrived at the station, and the first unwelcome sight which met her eyes was Lem Brown lounging on the platform, hands in pockets, his voice soaring above the clanking of the wheels. Presently his voice ceased, and its owner stared hard at a man with a suit case swinging himself down from the rear car, the sole passenger for the Highlands.

LEM BROWN WAS LOUNGING ON THE PLATFORM.

It was Stanley Callaman. Elizabeth recognized him by the description given her by their mutual friend—hair touched with gray, blue gray eyes and thin lips, which looked—this she noticed with shrinking—as though they could curl sarcastically, and shoulders broad enough to assist Atlas at his task with the world.

As she moved forward and extended her hand to the stranger Lem Brown's eyes bulged in his thin face. But when the two walked off together his feelings found vent in one audible, "Wonder of wonders—Lizzie Fairchild's got a beau!"

Elizabeth's cheeks flamed with mortification, and involuntarily the cordiality of the hostess was swallowed up in the conscious restraint of the woman, nor did she see at the corners of her guest's lips the lurking evidence that he understood the situation.

When they reached the Fairchild house she found a caller on the porch. The minister was there, an elderly and benevolent man who had fulfilled his duty to humanity by giving six daughters in marriage at tender ages. To him Elizabeth's state of single blessedness had long been a source of perplexity. Therefore when he saw her approach with a stranger, evidently a gentleman of proper age and dignity, his face shone with that peculiarly indulgent, reminiscent expression with which age greets lovers.

Elizabeth recognized the look and swept up the steps and into the hall without pausing. With more haste than ease she dispatched Callaman to his room on the second floor, then turned and faced the minister, who had arisen and followed her, his little clerical joke all ready.

"Good evening, Miss Elizabeth," he said in a loud stage whisper intended to penetrate to the upper chamber. "I see by the signs that the preacher's services will be required later. Ha, ha!" With that he ambled down the steps.

Even Mrs. Fairchild, rocking on the porch, was vexed. "Land!" she exclaimed indignantly. "I hope that Boston man won't think you're being thrown at his head!"

Elizabeth made no reply as she departed to light up her studio, but her lips were pressed together, a red spot dyeing each cheek, and when Callaman entered the room a few moments later he was confronted by a formidable array of designs and by a woman bent on discussing business and business only.

Stubbornly, but unsuccessfully, he rebelled. In vain he directed the conversation longingly to the moon lighted porch—would he like the prevailing tints of the autumn leaves on the tea set red or yellow? His mind and speech wandered to a country drive in the evening light, but his scarlet lipped hostess, moving amid her work tall and straight, charming and inexorable, firmly interrupted—did he care for a continuous or broken design around the platter?

The task was not an easy one that Elizabeth had set for herself, and it was a weary head that she laid on her pillow that night. "I hope it rains tomorrow," was her last thought, "so that I may keep him in the studio and out of the reach of remarks." But fortune seemed at odds with her, for the morning dawned faultlessly clear.

After breakfast, when she would have led the way to the studio, Callaman ignored her lead and with, "What a glorious out of doors this place possesses," stepped out on the side porch. With a contraction of the heart Elizabeth followed and sat down facing the battery of Mrs. Bissell's green blinds, the slats of which were immediately moved gently to permit of reconnoissance of Mrs. Bissell's eyes.

With gentle firmness Elizabeth began again on the subject of painted china. "Mrs. Bissell shall be enlightened as to my visitor's mission," she told herself and slightly raised her clear voice that it might penetrate the green blinds.

Callaman's eyes smothered a laugh, and his lips twitched in a way which threatened an open rebellion against china, but Elizabeth did not notice. She was talking against time as recorded by the sitting room clock, a view of which her position commanded. And could wishes hasten time, the hands on that clock would have raced forward to train time—11 o'clock.

At 9:30 she heard Mrs. Bissell leave her house by way of the front door. "The worst is now over," she assured herself and drew a long breath of relief—premature relief she discovered the next moment when distant puffings and blowings announced that Mrs. Cavendish was laboring up the back steps for her morning call in the kitchen, and Elizabeth became apprehensive of conversational developments in that direction.

Her apprehensions were almost immediately justified as Mrs. Cavendish's asthmatic utterances were wafted through the vine draped kitchen window. "Dew tell! A man!" Then to Mrs. Fairchild in remonstrating accents: "Ann, you can't fool me on no chiny paintin'. He's here after Lizzie!"

Elizabeth felt the laughter in Callaman's eyes—her own were downcast and smarting—but she talked on bravely, unmindful of the fact that she had asked three times concerning the decorations of a chocolate pot her guest had purchased as a wedding gift. But when a few moments later she arose, announcing it was time to start for the station, and he, surreptitiously examining his watch, found it lacked an hour of train time, his lips tightened and his eyes sobered.

As they emerged from the house the Highlands almost to a man gave them a mute reception. The postmaster, barber, butcher, blacksmith and merchant promptly, as though notified by wireless telegraphy, appeared at the doors of their respective establishments and frankly stared. The women, more discreet, peered from behind their curtains.

Callaman had some difficulty in accommodating his pace to Elizabeth's flying footsteps as she hurried up the street and turned into the pleasant, shady retreat afforded by the bicycle path, which was a short cut to the station. Here she still forged ahead, silent, having reached a state where the anguish of mortification had deprived her of the power of speech.

Suddenly Callaman stopped short beside a big rock overlooking the station and plumped his suit case down. "Miss Fairchild," he began vigorously, "I protest!"

Elizabeth relaxed her speed. She turned and looked back in surprise. Callaman had deliberately seated himself on the rock, pushed his hat on the back of his head and was mopping his face. The lines about his mouth were conspicuously firm as he snapped open his watch.

"It's now only 10:15. That train isn't due for three-quarters of an hour, and here we are so near the station that I could throw my baggage down on the platform. I feel like throwing it, what's more!" he added, glancing up with amusement simmering in the puckers about the corners of his eyes. "Now, I intend to sit right here and protest against your treatment of me."

"My treatment of you!" repeated Elizabeth faintly, shivering and flushing at the recollection of the past few hours.

Callaman considerately occupied himself with brushing the rock beside him. "You better sit down here," he remarked calmly, leaning back easily against a tree trunk, "because I have no intention of allowing you to dispose of me as you intended to."

Elizabeth sat down in confusion. "I didn't intend to—to dispose of you," she stammered, with downcast eyes, which confessed her guilt.

"Oh, yes, you did! You intended to take me down to that station at express speed and leave me there. Yes, you did"—in answer to a slight shake of her head. "You had the plot all laid and were carrying it out at the rate of half a mile a minute!"

"MISS FAIRCHILD, I PROTEST."

There was an instant's silence, during which Elizabeth, leaning over her side of the rock, examined some moss attentively. Suddenly her shoulders began to shake. The ludicrousness of the situation was taking possession of her. A faint sound of laughter reached the tree trunk. It acted like a spark in a powder magazine, and with a burst all the laughter which Callaman had been repressing rang forth.

They laughed until the tears came. Then they wiped their eyes, looked at each other and laughed again. Elizabeth felt that the cobwebs had been swept away from her eyes, and she could look at her guest for the first time in an open, friendly fashion.

"I wanted to tell you down at the station last night not to mind," Callaman began, "but I didn't dare. I'm sorry to be the cause of so much annoyance to you—and gratification to the minister, that good old duffer." Here he went off again, sending out peal after peal of laughter.

And Elizabeth, happy at being herself again, joined him. "I was afraid you wouldn't understand," she said at last, "not being familiar with the matrimonial sentiments of our village."

"Understand!" he interrupted heartily. "Of course I understand. I was brought up in a little Connecticut town where every man is considered marriageable at twenty. Luckily," with a sidewise glance, "I left before that time and so must answer for the crime of bachelorhood."

Elizabeth drew a long breath. "I thought there was no place as openly addicted to matrimony as the Highlands."

Callaman stooped to adjust a strap on his suit case. "No town has a monopoly on that business, I believe," he said dryly. "I've known ideas anent it to penetrate to—well, we'll say a Boston apartment."

The whistle of the express sounded far up the track. Callaman arose and picked up his suit case. Then he peered over the rock down on the station. "There's our friend the minister waiting to see me off," he chuckled, "and the man who placed me so readily on my arrival last night."

An expression of annoyance passed over Elizabeth's face. "They must have something to talk about, I suppose," she said resignedly.

For a moment the two walked down the path together in silence. Then Callaman began soberly, "Miss Fairchild, I should very much enjoy giving those people something worth talking about."

Elizabeth innocently fell into the trap. "How?" she asked, glancing up with a smile.

His tone was earnest despite the quizzical pucker at the corners of his mouth. "By visiting you again in—say, December—not to discuss china! May I come?"

Elizabeth caught her breath. She glanced into the blue gray eyes meeting hers in deep questioning and replied simply, "Yes."

The Learned Miss Fleming

By

AGNES G. BROGAN

"Why I should always be delegated to this highbrow stuff," complained Billy Atkins, "I don't understand, interviewing the authoress in her lair and all that. Here's this Fleming person—spells her name Helene—writer of treatises on domestic science and director of something in schools. Now, what questions can I ask her? Why don't they send a man like Brothers?"

"Been there," answered Brothers laconically. "Sent me because I wear glasses. But it would be easier to find audience with the kaiser than to be admitted to the presence of the learned Helene. Saw her, though, from a distance. She was sitting upon an upper veranda, evidently correcting proof. That's the nearest I got."

"Severe looking?" anxiously queried Billy.

"No name for it," answered Brothers. "Forbidding's the word. Thought if I could see the niece I'd get in. The two Miss Flemings are rusticating out there together, but Miss Niece was probably avoiding the wily reporter."

"Silly fuss to make over some newfangled style of learning, anyway," grumbled Billy, jamming his hat on his head. "Well, here's to my success and promotion. The stubborn authoress shall be hunted down."

"Look out she doesn't mistake your attentions for intentions," called Brothers as a parting shot. "They say she's looking for a soul mate. Can write pretty romantic stuff, too, for a lady well along."

Billy found the old Fleming mansion set well back among its trees from the roadside. It had not always been a Fleming mansion. In fact, the name was newly adopted, the famous authoress having sprung from unknownness into sudden prominence. There was an evidence of deep study in her briefest articles, of wonderful, practical discoveries which set the general student mind to thinking. Miss Helene Fleming was a woman of uncommon ability. So Billy Atkins went in unusual trepidation—for that self confident young man—up the flower bordered path to the door. The entrance was imposing. Billy rang, with no response to his ring. Billy tried the side door, bowing with assumed assuredness to the servant who opened it.

"Miss Fleming, the writer." Could he see her for just a moment? No; he would not send up his card, but the visit was important.

Miss Fleming was too busily engaged to see callers.

"But this," begged Billy, "is very urgent."

"Miss Fleming will see no one."

For a moment Billy camped hopefully upon the doorstep, but the door was firmly closed. Half angrily he made his way around to a rear door. A staring maid confronted him.

"Vas it Miss Fleming you vish to see or de niece?"

"Oh, either one," he answered hastily. It had occurred to him that the niece might be persuaded to act as envoy to the very difficult aunt. And Billy prided himself upon his persuasive powers with young women.

"In de garten dere," directed the maid. "She's out dere somewheres by de wall."

So Billy started, whistling, to encircle the rear garden wall. High upon one post at last he discovered a huge yellow cat, and high upon the corresponding one perched a very pert looking young woman. Perhaps his first impression of pertness was caused by the girl's swinging heels, which clicked against the garden wall in tune to her humming voice, and to a certain rakish angle, maybe, of her bright red hat.

"How do you do?" said Billy easily. After a brief scrutiny the girl stared over his head. Billy laughed.

"Allow me," he explained, "to both apologize and introduce myself. I came primarily to see Miss Fleming, but"—he paused eloquently—"Miss Fleming is not to be seen. Therefore, the matter being urgent, I take it upon myself to seek out and enlist the assistance of her young niece. Please"—Billy held out an ingratiating hand—"be a good girl and come down and help me out."

The "good girl" regarded him contemptuously, then turned and deliberately addressed the yellow cat.

"Peter," she said, "how old do you suppose this callow youth takes us to be?" Peter continuing the toilet of his paws, the youth referred to answered in self defense.

"From the length of your dress and the look in your eyes I should take you to be about sixteen."

"Dresses are worn very short this year," she returned.

"Full grown young women in my experience," Billy told her, "are not found perched upon gateposts with cats for companions."

"The companionship of a yellow cat," the girl answered vindictively, "is a relief after the persecution of a lot of brainless reporters."

"Phew!" Billy whistled. "I'm one of those." The girl swung her heels.

"I knew you were," she said quietly. Uninvited, Billy seated himself upon a bench facing the little figure on the wall. His face fell gloomily. "If you knew what this assignment meant to me," he said, sighing. "How I've counted upon it! Just because your aunt is so determined in her refusal to be interested it will be a big thing for the man who accomplishes it. You could help me out if you would. Just ask her to see me. That would be a simple thing for you to do, and it might mean so much to me."

The girl wrinkled her brows perplexedly. "Do I understand this to be an affair of the heart?" she mocked. "If so Miss Fleming might not be entirely obdurate. She has been quoted by one of your papers as searching for a 'soul mate.' So if that is the case"— The girl slipped gracefully down from the wall.

"The Lord forbid!" ejaculated Billy. "I'm pretty anxious for this interview, but not desperate enough to propose to a female encyclopedia in order to get it. Pardon me," he added hastily. "I forgot she was your aunt."

The girl waved her hands. "Oh, don't mind us," she said sweetly. "We're used to reporters. That's why we like yellow cats!"

Billy's lugubrious face brightened visibly as he looked at her standing before him. "You are a good deal older than you seemed up there upon the wall," he conceded.

The girl nodded. "Yes," she repeated seriously, "a good deal older."

For a moment she stood studying his good natured, disappointed face, then impulsively seated herself at his side. "Maybe," she suggested, "just maybe, you know, I could answer a few of those questions of yours without disturbing my aunt."

"You!" Billy's brows went up incredulously.

She nodded. "I always go over my aunt's copy as it comes from the machine."

Breathlessly Billy grabbed at pencil and paper. "It's a confounded subject to get at," he said apologetically, "but I'll do my best from these instructions."

"Let's see," interrupted the girl. And in a moment it was her pencil that was flying across the pages of Billy's notebook.

"There!" she said at last, raising a sparkling, glowing face. "That covers the subject pretty well, I think. And now"—with a childish movement she held the book behind her back—"promise before I give it to you, solemnly promise, that you won't open this, won't read a word of it, till you are back in the office."

"It's some trick, then," said Billy sadly. "I knew it was too good to be true."

"Promise," demanded the girl. "My hand on it," she added quickly.

Billy glanced into the teasing, tempting eyes, down at the little proffered hand, then surrendered.

"Cross your heart," laughed the girl.

"Cross my heart," said Billy.

Over the soft hand he held close in his own he saw suddenly a woman's erect form approaching, a woman with fine, intelligent features and white, severely brushed hair.

Blushing confusedly, the girl withdrew her hand, leaving in its place the reporter's book.

"Auntie," she said, "I'll be with you directly."

"Goodby," she added meaningly as with new hopefulness Billy waited. "Goodby," the girl repeated and, picking up her yellow cat, passed swiftly through the garden gate.

Dazedly Billy glanced after them. "The witch," he muttered. "What nonsense has she scribbled in that book? Nothing to do with the case, of course. Billy Atkins, you've been cleverly disposed of, and just when you might have landed real copy."

But there was his promise. Jove! He could still feel the firm clasp of that little hand. A very pleasant and heretofore unknown sensation trembled about the region of Billy's honest heart.

"Jove!" he murmured again and laughed softly.

"What luck?" cried Brothers as Billy tried to pass unseen into the seclusion of his office. He must read her message alone. Half an hour later he rushed about wildly, his voice triumphant.

"What luck?" he cried. "What luck? Well, just about the best ever. Full and comprehensive article, personal touch, too, because it was written by the lady herself."

"Oh, come off!" jeered Brothers, but Billy was back in his room reading again a personal postscript.

"You're to be congratulated," he read, "upon having this enlivening article direct from the pen of the author, for poor little I am the author. Aunt is only my amanuensis. I couldn't help it, could I, because you got us mixed? I'm doing this to make up for my disagreeable remark as to the preference for 'cats,' and here's hoping for that promotion. Yours, Helene Fleming."

Billy closed his eyes in smiling reminiscence, then rushed to the phone. "May I come out tonight," he begged his unseen listener, "to try at least to speak my gratitude?"

There was silence for a moment. "Unless," he added humbly, "you still have a preference for yellow cats?"

"If," answered Miss Fleming sweetly, "you can overcome your aversion to a female encyclopedia."

"Coming now," cried Billy.

"'Righto,'" laughed the learned Helene.

The hours seemed long to Billy while waiting for his watch to tell him that it was a proper hour to call. He took it out so often that once he thought it had stopped and put it to his ear to test it. But when the hands stood at 7:30, the time he had set for starting, he began a journey that should have required twice the time he gave it. The days were still long, and he was informed that he would find the authoress where he had met her before—in the garden. There he went and there we leave them.

NEW YORKERS JUST FOLKS.

A Visitor Finds Them Precisely Like Any Other People.

The first thing that strikes one about New York is that people are just people there, the same as anywhere else. The man who wears a straight collar with his tie climbing round his neck; the woman with the bottomless purse where she loses her car tickets; the little man with the hard hat; the big man with the soft hat, and the medium size man with no hat at all; the gum chewing stenographer; her clove chewing employer; the "I says to him, I says" folk—you find them in New York just like anywhere else. Only they travel around in subways and on elevated railways and things, and sometimes they move a little faster than we do in Montreal. But they're just folks—a certain percentage of water, carbohydrates, glucophosphates, etc., same as here.

New Yorkers do not live in dress suits and drive around in taxicabs until 7 in the morning, whatever Mr. Cobb may say. At 7 in the morning the New Yorker is bolting his toast and coffee in his little home in the Bronx or the Jersey shore and reading his morning paper. At noon Mr. New Yorker trots out to a one-arm lunch room and lines up for his "drop the egg, two in" just like a Montrealer, unless he goes to the help yourself restaurants, which have many tiers of boxes like those at the postoffice where you fetch your own mail, with glass fronts so you can see what's inside.—Montreal Star.

THE FIRST SERGEANT.

He Is the Bank In Which the Private Deposits All His Woes.

It has been handed down from generation to generation that Solomon was the wisest of men. He may have been in his time, but alongside a first sergeant in the army he couldn't hold a candle.

Solomon may have solved a lot of knotty problems in his day, but men were made differently then. Solomon in a first sergeant's job would have lasted probably from reveille to retreat, and then he would have either jumped in the river or shot himself.

More foolish questions are asked of one each day than any information man in the Union station ever dreamed of, and some sergeants answer questions two at a time all day long. No matter what happens to a soldier, he goes to the first sergeant. And particularly is this true of recruits during their first few months in the army. It takes a sense of humor to be a first sergeant, and unless a man can do two or three things at a time, have a knowledge of the world and what is in it, even more general than an almanac, and can understand human nature he won't make a good first sergeant. For a first sergeant can either make or break a company.—Kansas City Star.

Is the Derby Hat Doomed?

Where are all the derby hats of yesterday? Why do only a few men wear them any more?

Blame it on the seductive soft hat. Blame it on motorcars, which do not agree with derbies or high hats. A man under a derby in a motorcar going more than three miles an hour looks as incongruous as a derby wearer, coat off and a cigar between his teeth, paddling a canoe.

"The soft hat has passed through many freak styles and experiments," said a haberdasher. "Its comfort is its first quality. It conforms easily to the head, is light in weight and isn't badly hurt if it happens to be stepped or sat on or run over in the street."—Providence Journal.

For Walls or Roofs.

A cleanable waterproof mixture for walls or roofs which will adhere to masonry, slate, glass or metal is made by dissolving one pound of glue in three and a half pints of water. To this is added three ounces of bichromate of potash dissolved in half a pint of hot water. When these ingredients have been thoroughly mixed sufficient whiting is added to insure the right consistency.—London Mail.

The Woman's Excuse.

"One woman," says a police commissioner, "crossing the street at the wrong time can block up two street cars, a half dozen motors and a whole procession of wagons, besides giving every one who sees her heart failure."

"Well," replies the woman, "what business have all these vehicles on the street just when I want to go across?"—Kansas City Star.

An Exception.

"An emergency always brings forward a man to meet it."

"I don't know about that. Many's the time I have seen my hat blow down the street while strong men stood by and simply laughed." — Washington Star.

Differentiation.

"The man who runs this store has got the right idea, all right."

"How so?"

"He advertises 'bagpipes and musical instruments.'"—Houston Post.

The Lugubrious.

Hokus—Why do women cry at weddings and funerals? Pokus—I suppose the uncertainty of the future has something to do with it.—Town Topics.

One Emergency.

"I'll never say die."

"Wait until your hair begins to turn gray."—Baltimore American.

Stretching his hands out to catch the stars, he forgets the flowers at his feet.—Bentham.

THE REPUBLICAN.

Bellefonte, Pa., Aug. 30, 1917

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FOR JURY COMMISSIONER.

The Republican is authorized to announce the candidacy of John D. Decker, of Potter Township, for nomination for Jury Commissioner on the Republican ticket, subject to the decision of the Republican primary election in 1917.

FOR TAX COLLECTOR—We are authorized to announce that J. M. Keichline, of Bellefonte Borough, is a candidate for Tax Collector on the Democratic ticket. Subject to the decision of the voters as expressed at the primaries to be held September 19th, 1917.

THE REPUBLICAN is authorized to announce the name of Maurice J. Kelley for nomination on the Republican ticket for the office of Tax Collector in Bellefonte Borough, subject to the decision of the Republican voters as may be expressed at the primaries on September 19, 1917. Mr. Kelley will appreciate the support of all Republicans at the primaries.

BUNKOED AGAIN.

Of all the absurd rulings we have heard of that fixing the price of anthracite coal at the mine is positively the limit. The President, by his official order, says to the anthracite coal operators that they may charge a higher rate than has prevailed even in the last year of criminally high prices. The operator had already piled on all he figured the consumer could struggle through with. Millions of householders were fervently praying for relief. When the President ordered the bituminous coal operator to reduce prices to a reasonable basis the public naturally expected a like course would be pursued in regard to anthracite coal. Winter is approaching and the cost of living is unbearable. Cheaper fuel in the homes would have helped all. But the President suddenly dashes the public hope with the announcement that hard coal is to cost us more instead of less. The anthracite operator was not operating at a loss; that's a safe bet. He would have been mightily pleased to continue at his prevailing schedule of prices. But the President smiles upon him and niftily tells him that he may charge higher rates. His action is an outrage upon the people. The least he can do is to recall his absurd order and revise prices along the line he has forced the bituminous operators to meet.

It is not to be wondered that the rank and file of the people view with suspicion government investigations, regulations and other high-sounding procedures that are given a great splurge in the newspapers, that cost untold sums of the public's money and then invariably result in little or no benefit. And those at the head of the government have but themselves to blame. The President's action in regard to anthracite coal aptly illustrates the point.

Death of a Little Child.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Millard Hartswick, of Bellefonte, are mourning the death of their little son who was born October 19th, 1916. His name being James Melvin Hartswick and, of course, he was the flower of the household who will be greatly missed. About three weeks ago Mr. and Mrs. Hartswick went to the home of her sister Mrs. Malcolm Pifer, at Jacksonville, to spend a few days. While there the child was taken ill with cholera infantum and when the father was ready to leave for home the child was too ill to be taken along. The mother remained and finally it was brought home where it passed away Friday. The funeral was held Monday morning from the Hartswick house on Bishop street at 10 o'clock, Dr. Ambrose Schmidt, pastor of the Reformed church, officiating.

Another War Ruling.

President Wilson Saturday set his seal of approval on the agitation demanding the creation of the first draft army without impressing the heads of any families.

In a letter to Secretary Baker and Senator Weeks, he pointed out that men with wives dependent on them, as well as men with wives and families dependent on them, should be exempted from service.

The state of marriage in itself, however, he said, should not constitute ground for exemption, and that the draft boards should rule entirely on the fact of dependency.

Death of a Child.

Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Young, of Bellefonte, are mourning the death of their little baby girl who was but fourteen weeks old. The little one's death was caused by cholera infantum. It died Monday and on Wednesday was buried at Curtin.

When baby suffers with eczema or some itching skin trouble, use Doan's Ointment. A little of it goes a long ways and it is safe for children. 60c. a box at all stores.

BEWARE THE CLOSED MIND.

Keep Always In Touch With New Ideas and New Methods.

Senator Lodge in an address delivered at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology coined a remarkable phrase in warning the students to "beware of the closed mind," a gentle reproof of the cocksureness of the newly graduated. Senator Lodge said:

"Beware of the closed mind. This sounds like a paradox when addressed to young men, yet it will, I think, bear examination. It is a truism to say that the danger of maturity, and especially of age, is the closing of the mind to new ideas. Habit, most powerful of influences, hard experience, the very passage of the years, all alike tend to stiffen the muscles and to harden the arteries of the mind as they do those of the body. It is a misfortune with which advancing age must struggle, and the effort is severe and too often either neglected or fruitless.

"But the same peril besets youth, although not for the same reason. The great mass of young men go forth from our universities, our institutes and schools, prepared to learn and eager for the knowledge which experience alone can bring. Yet the disease of the closed mind lurks all about them and, curiously enough, is most likely to affect the cleverest, the ablest and the most ambitious. This comes from their very talents, from the high confidence which youth ought always to have, and from the somewhat hasty conclusion that because they have thought for themselves nobody else has performed the same feat before.

"It is well to remember that the very greatest men died learning, like Bacon and Pasteur. The greatest benefactions to humanity, the greatest services to human thought, have not all been bestowed or rendered by men under twenty-five or even under forty years of age, a fact sometimes worthy of remembrance. Do not, then, fall victims to overconfidence and close your mind. The injunction is as important for youth as for age—easy of attainment for the former, difficult for the latter, possible for both. The past and the present, youth and age, new and old, all have their place in the sun; all are needed for the widest learning, for the highest achievement, for the best development of mankind."

STILLED THE BATTLE.

A Touch of Nature That Halted War's Carnage For a Moment.

A day was dawning on a battlefield in northern France through a fog so thick that none could see more than a few yards from the trenches. In the night the Germans had drawn back their lines a little, and the French had closely advanced, but between the two positions a lone farmhouse was still standing. As the sun rose and the fog cleared and the gunners found their ranges, heavy guns began to boom and answer back. Thus began the old, old wearisome story of day after day of desolation and death.

But suddenly on both sides the firing ceased, and there fell a peculiar dead stillness. Midway between the trenches, near the now shattered farmhouse, there was—no, it must be impossible, it must be a delusion! But, no—there in the green meadow, crawling on its hands and knees, was a little child, a mere baby. It appeared perfectly happy and contented, and in the sudden dumbness of the soldiers the baby's laugh was heard as it clutched at a dandelion. Not a sound was heard but that; not a shot was fired; scarcely did a soldier on either side dare breathe.

Suddenly a soldier jumped out of a German trench and ran to where the child was crawling. He tenderly took it up and carried it back to shelter. From the trenches of the French there came no shots, but there rang along both lines a mighty cheer.

But soon, alas, the guns were booming again and answering back, and the flowering bit of meadow was plowed by shells, for war is war, and men must not long yield to pity.—Christian Herald.

Nests on the Water.

It is almost unthinkable that a bird should build a nest on the water. Yet that is exactly what the grebes always do. With reeds, grass and plant stems the grebe makes a regular floating island, somewhat hollowed out on top, usually near the open water of a marshy or reedy lake. We have several kinds of grebes, but their nests are much alike, sometimes moored to the reeds, but usually floating freely on the water.—St. Nicholas.

The Deacon's Philosophy.

No one ever gets to heaven before his time, and to most of us it's a long time coming.

The good Lord helps us to hold our ground while the old world's turning to the brighter side, but we seldom credit Providence with that good work.

Ever stop to think that there are just storms enough in life to make the rainbows we sigh for?—Atlanta Constitution.

Just a Guess.

"What's all that pounding in the other room?" questioned a drummer while he was waiting to see the buyer.

"Dunno," replied the office boy. "I heard the boss say he'd got to frame a speech, an' I guess he's doin' it."—Philadelphia Record.

How It Happened.

"How did you happen to quit the stock market?"

"Well, my margin got very narrow and I sort of slipped off!"—The Lamb.

Telling the Pull Man.

Dentist—Which tooth is it that troubles you, Sam? Pullman Porter—Lower Five, sah.—Boston Transcript.

BURIED BELLS OF NAKOUS.

Nature's Curious Freak on the Border of the Red Sea.

A singular phenomenon occurs on the borders of the Red sea at a place called Nakous, where intermittent underground sounds have been heard for an unknown number of centuries. It is situated about half a mile distant from the shore, whence a long reach of sand ascends rapidly to a height of 300 feet. This reach is about eighty feet wide and resembles an amphitheater, being walled by low rocks.

The sounds coming up from the ground at this place recur at intervals of about an hour. They at first resemble a low murmur, but ere long there is heard a loud knocking somewhat like the strokes of a bell, which at the end of about five minutes becomes so strong as to agitate the sand.

The explanation of this curious phenomenon given by the Arabs is that there is a convent under the ground here and that these sounds are those of the bell which the monks ring for prayers. So they call it Nakous, which means a bell. The Arabs affirm that the noise so frightens their camels when they hear it as to render them furious.

Scientists attribute the sound to suppressed volcanic action, probably to the bubbling of gas or vapors underground.

WHEN WOMEN FISH.

It Makes the Trip Such a Jolly and Enjoyable One.

It does not serve to mellow a man's disposition to take a woman or two into the boat when he goes bass fishing. For women always want to fish, yet never could they or would they stick those horrid, nasty, wriggling angleworms on the hook.

So, between baiting their hooks and removing the perch and pumpkin seeds and straining your spine to keep the boat from turning turtle and the lines from getting snarled up, you have a most enjoyable day's outing, do you not? Yes, you do not! I'll run the risk of answering that question for you.

And then, when you finally hook a five pound bass weighing at least three pounds and eight ounces by his own standard scales, and play him for twenty minutes against their earnest entreaties not to bring that big, ugly thing into the boat or else they'd jump out—you calmly ease up on the line and give him back, also his freedom, do you not? Yes, you do not!

And when the day is spent they tell you what a gorgeous time they have had and make you promise to fetch them again, and you promise, of course, do you not?—Cartoons Magazine.

Gasoline Poison.

The poisonous character of the fumes arising from a gasoline engine may be appreciated by the following extract from a recently published book: "If a gasoline engine producing five cubic feet of CO per minute were allowed to run in a tightly closed garage that was twelve feet high, fifteen feet long and fifteen feet wide—that is, having a capacity of 2,750 cubic feet—it could produce an atmosphere if the latter were thoroughly mixed containing about 1 per cent CO in about five minutes. This percentage of CO in air is a fatal proportion and would probably kill a person in less than a minute. In fact, an exposure for as long as twenty minutes to an air containing as little as 0.25 per cent CO would make most people very ill."

Burns That Kill.

Burns are generally classified in three degrees of severity. First degree burns are simple reddening of the skin. Second degree burns result in blistering. Third degree burns are followed by actual destruction of the skin and tissues.

Death is almost certain to result if approximately one-third of the body surface is burned. Often burns of much less extent are fatal. Death may result from shock, from acute kidney, liver or blood disease resulting from the toxins of the burned skin, or the burns may later become infected and kill the patient from blood poison.

Educate the People.

Illiteracy is one of the problems with which the American people are confronted. There should be a pressure of public opinion and of public effort brought to bear to wipe out the disgrace. Each community should see to it that every child of school age is under instruction. Increased efforts to induce those of adult age to enter night schools should be made.—Memphis Commercial Appeal.

Wild Pigeons.

Until little more than fifty years ago the most abundant bird in North America was the wild pigeon (Ectopistes migratorius). It moved in immense flocks calculated not by thousands, but by millions, and it is not known today if a single pair of this native American bird is alive.

As Man Grows Older.

Another time when a man realizes that he is older than he was comes when he finds that he doesn't mind it at all when he has to wear spectacles instead of eyeglasses and doesn't even care about tortoise shell rims any more. —Ohio State Journal.

Easily Explained.

Mistress—How do you manage to make such a noise here in the kitchen? Cook—Well, just you try to break four plates without making a noise!—London Ideas.

Like Unto Like.

"Her new hat becomes her."

"Why, it's a perfect fright!"

"You heard what I said."—Browning's Magazine.

THE PLATE ON THE MUMMY.

Curious Story of a Prophecy That Was Fulfilled.

Visitors at museums often comment on the sadness of the present state of the Egyptian mummies who were buried with such great care in hope that their rest might never be disturbed. But such thoughts never enter the minds of natives who pillage their ancestors' graves, nor do they disturb the more civilized explorer. To a superstitious person, however, a story of a mummy that R. Caton Woodville tells in "Random Recollections" might have a sinister meaning.

After the ill fated expedition to relieve Gordon, Walter Ingram brought to London the mummy of an Egyptian high priest that he had bought from an Arab near Assuan. When he unrolled the mummy he found on its chest a gold plate, upon which was inscribed: "He who disturbs my rest and takes me to a distant land shall die a violent death. His bones shall ne'er be found. They shall be scattered to the four points of the world."

Shortly afterward Ingram went to Somaliland on a big game expedition. He had a four bore rifle and when in the elephant region got two good tuskers. So he lent his rifle to one of his companions, who had not so heavy a weapon, to give him a better chance of bagging an elephant. He himself mounted a pony and went off with three Somalis, armed with a .450 express, which shoots bullets of only 260 grains, to bag an antelope or perhaps a panther.

As luck would have it, Ingram came upon a fine old rogue elephant with a magnificent pair of tusks. It was too great a temptation to be resisted. Galloping up to the elephant, the hunter fired both barrels at the beast's forehead from about fifteen yards. The bullets flattened upon the animal's skull and only made him very angry. Ingram galloped out of reach and reloaded, rode up and fired again, with a similar result; again galloped away and reloaded, and so on until he had expended all of the cartridges.

As he was galloping away after his last shot, with the furious brute in pursuit, his pony suddenly stopped stock still, apparently for no reason whatever. The elephant thundered up, whisked the hunter out of the saddle, dashed him to the ground and trampled him to death. The tragedy occurred in the bed of a dry nullah and was witnessed by the three Somalis, who had climbed for safety to the tops of trees. They were armed only with spears, which, of course, were useless weapons against the elephant. After the brute had gone they climbed down, dug a hole with their spears, placed the body of poor Ingram in it and returned to camp with their sad story.

Some time afterward Mrs. Ingram, the hunter's mother, sent out an expedition to find and bring back to England the remains of her son. The spot was found, but two rainy seasons had passed, and the dry nullah had become a roaring river that had washed away the remains to the four points of the earth. Thus was the prophecy fulfilled.

Don't Shut Yourself Up In an Office.

The man who shuts himself up in an office makes a great mistake, thinks Thomas E. Wilson, the Chicago packer. In the American Magazine he says:

"The trouble with the executive who is too inaccessible is that he loses more by the arrangement than anybody else. In shutting others out he shuts himself in—away from the numerous advantages of personal contact and points of view. There's nothing like looking a man in the eye and hearing his story to get at the meat of a situation. Most executives prefer to have everything brought to their attention in writing. That plan may be a time saver, but my own experience has been that it will pay to get all information possible by face to face interviews."

Lessons Learned by Divers.

Experiments made by the British admiralty and the United States navy prove that deep sea diving is feasible. It has been found that the shorter the time a diver takes in getting to the bottom the better, because his body absorbs less nitrogen. Also, the diver must have at least one and one-half cubic feet of air per minute at all depths. Lacing the legs of the diver's suit increases his stability and permits him to come to an erect position with ease. It also lessens the danger of his failing or being suddenly blown to the surface.—Popular Science Monthly.

A Ready Witted Parson.

The evening lesson was from the book of Job, and the minister had just read, "Yea, the light of the wicked shall be put out," when immediately the church was in total darkness.

"Brethren," said the minister, with scarcely a moment's pause, "in view of the sudden and startling fulfillment of this prophecy, we will spend a few minutes in silent prayer for the electric lighting company."—Boston Transcript.

Just His Luck.

"So you're going home?" said the old man to the wanderer.

"Yes; tomorrow."

"I understand they are preparing the fatted calf for you?"

"Just my luck. The doctor has made me cut out all fat foods."—Yonkers Statesman.

Quite So.

"There is a report that Ella has taken to painting her face, and I saw her buying rouge the other day."

"That certainly does lend color to the report."—Baltimore American

Right is the eternal sun, and the world cannot delay its coming.—Wendell Phillips.

GRANGE ENCAMPMENT

Plans Completed for Annual Gathering at Centre Hall, Sept. 8-14.

The 44th annual Grange Encampment and Fair will open at Centre Hall on Saturday, September 8th, and continue until the 14th. A number of workmen have been on the ground for several weeks preparing for the comfort of visitors.

Numerous exhibition buildings are on the grounds and many tents will be erected. The entire ground and buildings have been provided with a complete electric light system, so that it will be practically as light at night as in the day time.

One of the new features of the 44th annual Grange Encampment will be a special program for the boys. The executive committee has asked Mr. R. H. Olmstead of the Centre County Farm Bureau to take charge of it and he will be assisted by C. G. McBride, State Leader of Boys Club work, and W. W. Reitz, Supervisor of Agriculture in the new vocational school at Spring Mills. The program will consist of a variety of agricultural activities, including rope tying and splicing, and livestock judging. Some organized games will also be introduced. The work should prove both pleasant and profitable to the boys who attend.

Mr. Olmstead and the members of the Picnic Executive Committee have worked out definite plans to reach a large number of boys in Centre county in advance, through local leaders. Mr. Olmstead was formerly an instructor in the Department of Animal Husbandry at the College and is particularly interested in the livestock part of the program. He is planning, with the assistance of the local leaders who have manifested an interest in the movement, to meet the boys in groups and give them illustrated talks on judging livestock. Those who have agreed to cooperate in making their work a success in their respective communities are: Miss Margaret Goheen, Boalsburg; Frank Dillon, Julian; Wm. Hosterman, Spring Mills; Ray Durst, Centre Hall; and Foster Musser, State College. There is also a group around Howard that will enroll for the contest.

Live stock judging contests for young men who expect later to own and breed good animals for themselves have become a prominent feature of the agricultural fairs of the state. In the counties in Pennsylvania that have Farm Bureaus, plans have already been arranged for about fifty of these contests and State College has been pressed almost to its limit to supply judges for all. For the contest at the Encampment the college will furnish not only the judges but also the livestock to make up the various classes to be judged. The work will be on horses, beef cattle, sheep and possibly dairy cows. A valuable set of medals will be awarded to those having the three highest scores.

A more complete schedule of the work will be ready by the date of the opening of the Encampment. Enrollment will be open to boys up to twenty-one years of age, both from the permanent campers and from those who come in only for the day. No fees of any sort will be connected with the work.

The State College and Experiment Station will also have a fine exhibit of its work in a large tent of its own. Don't miss seeing it.

We appeal to the farmers of Centre county to place on exhibition the products of their farms, gardens, orchards and vineyards. It is the aim of the management to have the exhibits this year excel those of any former year and to accomplish this end it is only necessary for those interested in the success of the great Grange Fair to do their share in the way of bringing meritorius articles to the big exhibition building on the park. The "old relics" department will again be a feature and those having antiques and heirlooms that are highly prized are urged to bring them to light for a week and place them on exhibit.

For each meritorius article put on exhibition a premium will be paid. Many families in former years have earned a tidy sum in this way.

A splendid poultry building offers a fine opportunity to poultry raisers to show their stock and make sales for another season. A small premium will be paid for every bird and pet animal placed on exhibition. You can't afford to miss this opportunity of showing your poultry.

New amusements have been contracted for and there will be something to please everybody.

A full program of the proceedings for the week will be issued next week.

LEONARD RHONE,
Chairman.

Musicians in Army and Navy.

Each regiment of the army has a band. Men in the band have no military duties to perform other than that of playing, unless the band be mounted, in which case the care of a horse follows. They have ample time to practice and are constantly under the instruction of a chief musician, who is an expert in his line. The duty of a musician in the navy is not hard. The band plays twice daily for an hour. Musicians attend no drills and do no work except keeping their quarters clean.—Kansas City Star.

Read "The Republican." $1.50 a year

ADDITIONAL LOCALS

Miss Helen Waite, who has been teaching school at Glassboro, N. J., has been visiting her grandmother, Mrs. Jacob Bottorf, at Lemont, and her aunt, Mrs. John J. Olewine, in Bellefonte. She is a young lady of more than ordinary attainments and is held in the highest esteem by all who know her. As soon as school opens she will return and resume her work.

Mrs. Jane Haupt and Mrs. Ella Woodring, of Tyrone, who had been spending a short time with their aunt, Mrs. Catherine Haupt, left Bellefonte for their home Monday. While here they also visited at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles McClelland. Mrs. Catherine Haupt is at the home of her son, Theodore Haupt, and is in failing health. She is an aged lady and the widow of the late Isaac Haupt, who was one of Bellefonte's progressive citizens.

The Leaves Falling.

While, calendar speaking, it is still summer, and even though the weather is summer during the day, yet the signs of the declining days of warmth are appearing, most noticeable being the falling of the leaves from the trees. After a cool night, with some wind, the fallen leaves are quite thick on the pavement in the early morning.

Unclaimed Letters.

The following letters remain unclaimed in the Bellefonte postoffice :—

Mrs. Chas. D. Fye, Mrs. Roy Miles, Robert Paxson, Mrs. H. T. Thompson, Mr. Wallmett, Miss Sara Waters. Please say advertised when called for.

Mrs. Samuel Lewis Dead.

Mrs. Samuel Lewis died at her late home at Morrisdale on Sunday, August 19th, aged about 30 years. She had been ill for some time from the developments of a tumor in her throat.

To feel strong, have good appetite and digestion, sleep soundly and enjoy life, use Burdock Blood bitters, the family system tonic. Price, $1.00.

Public Sale.

The undersigned will offer at public sale at Wagner Geiss' livery barn at one o'clock, P. M., Saturday, September 1st, two good young bay horses, weigh about 1400, each; also good dump wagon, used about six months, and set double harness, complete.

JOE STOCK.

To Shingle Users.

We have succeeded in securing several car loads of the famous Pacific Coast Red Cedar shingles. Send in your orders while they last.

P. B. CRIDER & SON,
Bellefonte.

State of Ohio, city of Toledo, } ss
Lucas County }

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CURE. FRANK J. CHENEY

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

(Seal) A. W. GLEASON
Notary Public

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly upon the blood and foucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY, & CO., Toledo, Ohio
Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Market Quotations.

(Corrected by Weaver Bro. Grocers)

Butter..... 37
Eggs..... 35

GRAIN MARKET
(Corrected by Gamble & Gheen)

Wheat..... $1.65
Corn..... 1.60
Oats..... 60
Rye..... 1.60

Mules For Sale!

Always from 100 to 300 head of Horses and Mules of all description for sale at my stable in York, Pa.

JOE KINDIG

NIAGARA FALLS

Personally Conducted Excursions

August 24, September 7, 21, and October 5

Round $9.00 Trip
From Bellefonte

SPECIAL ALL-STEEL TRAIN of Pullman Parlor Cars, Restaurant Car, and Day Coaches

Daylight Ride through Picturesque Susquehanna Valley

Tickets good going on Special Train and connecting trains, and returning on regular trains within FIFTEEN DAYS. Stop-off at Buffalo on return trip.

Illustrated Booklet and full information may be obtained from Ticket Agents.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

Correspondence

Pine Grove Mills.

The Centre County Soldiers Reunion will be held September 22nd at Pine Grove Mills.

Heyit & McNitt have taken over a tract of timber at Gatesburg.

Miss Mary Ward is plying her needle at the Mrs. Keller home at State Colleg.

Our public schools open Monday, Septem 17th.

Miss Ruth Illingsworth, after a two weeks visit with friends at Tyrone, returned home Friday.

John Harpster, a prominent lumberman at Huntingdon, spent Monday at the J. R. Smith home here.

Henry McWilliams left last week for a long visit with his brother, Prof. Samuel P. McWilliams, in Washington County.

Ed. Neese, a well known merchant at Pitcairn, is visiting Centre County friends of long ago.

Ida and Edna Sunday returned home Friday after a six weeks visit with friends at Patton.

Dr. J. E. Ward, of Bellefonte, spent the Sabbath at the old homestead.

Mrs. Eva Dale, of Washington, D. C., is visiting with relatives in the valley. For a time she has been confined to her bed at the Squire Dale home at State College but she is now improving.

In the last three days Ray Williams had three of his cattle die from black leg.

Miss Jessie Reed is visiting relatives in Tyrone.

Prof. A. C. Weaver has been chosen principal of the Sandy Ridge High School for the coming term. He is a good man.

Prof. Harpster, of Tadpole, has been elected instructor of the WilkesBarre grammar school.

Prof. Foster Barr, of McKeesport, with his wife, are visiting in and about Gatesburg.

Mrs. Clarence Lemon and little daughter are here from Pittsburgh for a month's outing.

J. C. Homan and wife and children visited over Sunday at the W. E. Dreibelbis home at Pine Hall.

Arthur Keller, of Pittsburgh, after a week's outing among relatives here is spending a few days in Tyrone before returning home in time for school.

James G. Tyson, who served his country faithfully as a member of the 56th P. V., and his old friend, Irvin Lucas, came up from Howard to witness the flag raising at Pine Hall on Saturday.

Mrs. Ed. Decker and little daughter were Sunday visitors at Mrs. Sue Peters' home.

J. A. Lucas and wife visited his parental home near Huntingdon Tuesday, after an absence of ten years.

A. L. Bowersox and wife, Mrs. W. H. Goss and Mrs. Elsie Corl motored last Friday to Houserville where they visited the Boyd Williams home.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Webber, of Boalsburg, were welcome visitors at the C. M. Ross home west of town Saturday.

Merchant W. T. Wry, of Guyer, with his two bright youngsters, were visitors here Saturday.

Our cracker box loungers have an autumn wedding on the slate.

After a month's visit with her daughter, Mrs. Devo Meade, at Albany, New York, Mrs. Charlotte Kepler is back at her home in the Glades.

Mrs. John McWilliams and two bright boys and Miss Mabel Davis, after a visit of several weeks at the W. E. McWilliams home at Rock Springs, returned home last Saturday.

Joe Eberly, of Dayton, Ohio, with his mother and a friend, made a cross-country run in his Overland via Charleston, W. Va., Washington, Gettysburg and Harrisburg to State College for a two weeks outing. The Eberleys and Osmans met on top of Nittany mountain Wednesday and held the first family reunion.

While homeward bound from church last Sunday Clarence Corl's steed frightened at a passing bicycle, upsetting the rig and throwing out the occupants. Miss Ella Tyson sustained a fractured jaw and an injured arm. The horse ran home, making kindling wood out of the buggy.

Mrs. Mack Fry entertained at dinner Saturday Mr. and Mrs. L. D. Fry, of State College; F. B. Tate and Cora Neidigh, Foster Musser and a friend.

Sunday while Ralph Illingsworth and sister Ruth were out for a drive a large auto struck them on the side and jammed their rig against the fence. They were thrown out but escaped with a few bruises.

Mrs. Nannie Walker, of Selinsgrove, is here for a week's outing among relatives and friends.

Mrs. Allen Burwell and two sturdy boys, of Tyrone, are at the Burwell home east of town this week.

There will be a community flag raising Saturday evening at 6 o'clock at Marengo. That at Pine Hall last Saturday evening was a great success.

Rev. Barber will preach in the Presbyterian church Sunday evening.

The I. W. T. Mission Band will hold an entertainment in the hall at Rock Springs Saturday evening. Admission 15 and 20 cents.

Boalsburg.

Miss Kathleen Stevens, of State College, is visiting her aunt, Mrs. Foster Charles.

Miss Frances Patterson is spending this week at the F. E. Wieland home, at Linden Hall.

S. G. Rudy, of Huntingdon, was a recent visitor at the H. M. Hosterman home.

Mrs. F. W. Weber pent several days of last week at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Charles Ross, of Pine Grove.

Mr. Forrest Dry, of Freeport, Pa., and Mr. Frank Dry, of McKeesport, were visitors at the Matthew Goheen home last week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Wieland and two daughters, Dorothy and Charlotte, of Lebanon, greeted friends here last week.

Mrs. George Keller and daughter, of State College, spent the week end at the O. L. Mothersbaugh home.

Dr. Zeigler, of Indiana, was a recent visitor at the George Kaup home.

Mrs. Thomas Houtz and grandaughter, of Lemont, were over Sunday visitors at the home of Mrs. Houtz's daughter, Mrs. Robert Bailey.

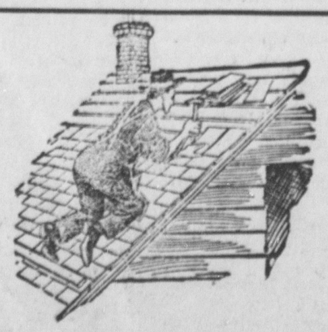
Mr. and Mrs. Henry Oornsife and son, of Williamsport, autoed to this place and remained until Sunday at the Henry Reitz home. On their return they were accompained by Mrs. Henry Reitz and Mrs. John Traxler and son who after visiting at Williamsport went to Apple Gate, Michigan, where they will visit a sister of Mrs. Reitz.

The home of Michael Segner was brightened by the gathering of some of his children and grandchildren. Those present were Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Mayes and four children, of Milton; Mr. and Mrs. Charles Segner and four children, Mrs. J. A. Gingerich and five children, of Boalsburg; Mr. and Mrs. Edward Zong and three children and Mrs. William Folk and two children, of Oak Hall.

Gets Important Position.

Prof. L. J. Gilliland, of Curwensville, has been appointed by Dr. T. C. Blaisdell, dean of the Liberal Arts departmen, State College, a member of the state educational advisory committee, which will develop a standard program for Pennsylvania high schools. Prof. Gilliland will represent Clearfield county on that committee.

Read "The Republican" $1.50 a year in advance.



Up on the Roof—

is where the actual test of roofing value is determined.

Red Seal Brand

Western Red Cedar Shingles stand the test.

See them before you buy your roofing

P. B. CRIDER & SON - - BELLEFONTE, PA.

Port Matilda.

Rev. Merrill Howard Ake visited friends in town last week.

Mrs. Mida Johnston, of Altoona, visited her sister, Mrs. M. C. Shope, last week.

Linzy Ross, of Akron, is spending a few days with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. B. L. Ross.

O. C. Johnson and wife, of Altoona, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Johnson.

Mrs. John Smith and children, of Vail, spent Sunday with Mrs. Elizabeth Geyer.

Rev. Walter H. Williams and family, of Spring Mills, visited relatives in town last week.

William Weston and family returned to their home in Pittsburgh Monday after spending several days with relatives.

Mrs. T. C. Wiser, of Pitcairn, visited her father, H. C. Woodring, last week.

Miss Kathryn Williams, of Pittsburgh, visited relatives in town last week.

James Robison, of Altoona, was in town last week.

Miss Maud Bean, of Wilkinsburg, is visiting Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Woodring.

Wm. Rothrock and family, of Tyrone, visited Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Woodring, last week.

Rev. Gordon A. Williams and family, of Osceola, were in town last.

Miss Mary Tomco and a lady friend, of Scotia, spent Saturday and Sunday with Mrs. Harry Marshall.

Mrs. H. G. Nagle, of Milesburg, spent Sunday with Mrs. C. M. Pringle.

Miss Annie Patton has returned home after spending several weeks with her sister, in New York State.

E. M. Eller and family spent Saturday and Sunday with friends at Osterburg.

Miss Edna Reese, of Philipsburg, is visiting Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Crain.

A. B. Woodring and family, of Tyrone, spent Saturday with the Misses Mabel and Florence Williams.

Miss Flora Lewis, of Huntingdon, is visiting P. W. Cowher.

Mrs. Gilbert Eller and son, Lemmon, Mrs. S. U. Harshberger, Linzy Ross and Ruth Eller motored to Bellefonte Sunday where they spent the day with H. A. Macker and wife.

Among those who visited Mrs. Ellen Williams last week were: Thomas Williams and family, of Gallitzin, Rev. Jos. Weaver and family, of Blandburg, and W. T. Patton and wife, of Tyrone.

Clayton Martz and wife, Frank Carothers and wife and Mrs. Verna Stoner and children, of Altoona, visited Mr. and Mrs. G. R. Price, last week.

John Miles, of Wilkinsburg, spent Saturday and Sunday with his father, S. S. Miles.

Miss Veta Patton, of Tyrone, is visiting relatives in town.

Frank Mullen, of Curwensville, is visiting Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Williams.

M. J. Woodring and family, of Philipsburg, are visiting relatives in town.

AN INSTRUCTIVE TRIP

What a Republican Reporter Saw on an Automobile Drive to Millersburg.

It is a great satisfaction to visit a place you have heard mentioned frequently, especially if it is of any great importance. To this end a representative of The Republican on Friday morning accompanied Earl C. Musser, book-keeper and assistant manager of the State-Centre Electric Co., to Millersburg, Dauphin county, to witness the mining of coal at about 25 cents a ton at the large electrical plant that has been recently erected by the Juniata Public Service Co., which is composed of the same business men as those in the State-Centre Electric Co. The day was ideal for traveling in an automobile and the objective point was about eighty miles away. The State roads were in perfect condition and as we went over mountains and through valleys one could but exclaim with the prophet of old, "what hath God wrought?" The Chevrolet car was in the very best condition and with ease and comfort we passed along with speed sufficient to give us a good view of the beautiful country through which we traveled. Our first stop was at Lewistown where we chatted a few minutes with Mrs. Harris Mann, a sister of the writer. Following our course we traveled the famous speedway down along the Juniata river to Mifflintown. Here we stopped for dinner. Andrew Thall, formerly of Bellefonte, has charge of things there. He has a fine office and store. Thence the route was to, Newport, Perry county. F. S. Kirk has charge there and has a beautiful store in a thriving community. From Newport the road led to Millersburg, where John Bloom is the manager and Fred Shore is the chief engineer. Arriving at the Susquehanna river, which is a mile wide, the automobile was run on a flat boat and ferried across to our destination. The progress was very slow but greatly enjoyed because of the change and variation.

Millersburg has a population of about 3000 and never has found need of a policeman. The streets are clean and are kept in that condition by one man. There is but one colored family in the town, the head of which is a barber and he has been there for forty years. There is not a foreigner in the place, although the town has large works that employ many men and girls. Thanks are due Supt. Howard J. Thompson for the thoughtful courtesies extended during our stay. Saturday morning we were driven out to the works, about a mile from town. Here we found a modern electric plant which in time will rival Jonn D. Rockefeller's oil wells. The structure is a large brick building equipped with two stokers and two large turbines, the combined capacity of which is equal to 5000 horse power. Instead of paying $3.00 and $4.00 for coal the company has placed a dredge on what is known as Wiconisco creek which flows past the plant. Thousands of tons of choice hard coal free of sulpher drift down through this stream and is held in check by a dam.

On the dredge is a large centrifical pump which pumps coal and throws it out on the bank, ready for use and at a cost less than twenty-five cents a ton. Every twenty four hours seven hundred and fifty tons are taken out. There is a pile at the plant containing five thousand tons. As soon as the coal is taken out the stream fills up again and the probabilities are that the supply will last indefinitely. The proposition is so stupendous that many people cannot believe the story unless they actually see it. The coal goes through the stokers automatically on traveling gates so that it needs no attention in the engine room more than to keep the large hopper filled. Besides this the company has purchased seventeen acres of coal which will average five feet in thickness, and contains about 75 thousand tons. The company is extending its lines all over that country and will strike Duncannon, Marysville, Halifax, Newport, New Bloomfield, Port Royal, Mifflintown and Millersburg. At Halifax a large cable will be stretched across the river. In the very near future the plant at Milesburg will only be an emergency plant as the line will be extended over the mountains by Coburn and everything will be operated from Millersburg. The projectors of this vast enterprise are Senator John S. Fisher, of Indiana; A. W. Lee, John W. Wrigley and A. J. Musser lumber operators, of Clearfield, who were formerly connected with the Penn Public Service Co. It is under the general superintendency of Howard J. Thompson, of Bellefonte.

Keep Your Eye on Millheim.

They can't throw dust in the eyes of the citizens of Millheim and if you try it you will get fooled "like the dickens." They are bound to stop fast driving through that borough and to this end the Millheim Business Men's Association have erected large sign boards outside of the borough limits at the four approaches of the town to warn motorists that the speed limit of fifteen miles an hour will be positively enforced. If autoists persist in running at a high rate of speed they will have to pay the fiddler by giving up some of their good, elegant cash.

Never can tell when you'll mash a finger or suffer a cut, bruise, burn or scald. Be prepared. Thousands rely on Dr. Thomas' Eclectic Oil. Your druggist sells it 30. and 60c.

REGISTER'S NOTICE

The following accounts have been examined, passed and filed of record in the Register's Office, for the inspection of heirs and legatees, creditors and all others in anywise interested, and will be presented to the Orphans' Court for confirmation Nisi, on Wednesday, the 26th day of Sept., 1917.

1. COLE—The first and final account of Mary Newell Cole, admrx., of &c., of Robert Cole, late of Bellefonte Boro., dec'd.
2. HUGHES—The first and final account of the Farmers Trust Company, of Carlisle, Pa., Executor of the last will and testament of Bruce Hughes late of Philipsburg Boro, dec'd.
3. HANCOCK—The account of Jeremiah Funk, guardian of Katherine Hancock, a minor.
4. IRWIN—The final account of John C. Hoffer, Guardian of William E. R. Irwin, late minor child of, Miniam Irwin, late of Philipsburg Boro., dec'd.
5. KIOSKE—The first and final account of Stella Zimmerman, and David Chambers, executors of &c., of William Kioske, late of Snow Shoe Twp., dec'd.
6. KEPLER—The first and final account of N. B. Spanger, Exr., of the last will and testament of Jacob M. Kepler, late of Ferguson Twp., dec'd.
7. MOYER—The first and final account of W. J. Carlin, Exr., of &c., of Miss Eva Moyer, late of Miles Twp., dec'd.
8. MILLER—The first and final account of Isaac P. Miller admr., of &c., of Eliza T. Miller, late of Bellefonte Boro., dec'd.
9. RESIDES—The first and final account of W. M. Poorman and Nettie Poorman, Executors of &c., of Matilda Resides, late of Boggs Twp., deceased.
10. RIMERT—The first and final account of Maude Earle, admrx., of &c., of Jane Rimert, late of Howard Boro. dec'd.
11. SMITH—The first and final account of Robert M. Smith executor of &c., of Eliza Smith, late of Potter, Twp., dec'd.
12. SLINGER—The first and final account of E. M. Griest, admr., of Nicholas Slinger late of Philipsburg Boro. dec'd.
13. VONADA—The first and final account of W. D. Zerby, admr., of &c., of Harriet J. Vonada, late of Haines Twp., dec'd.
14. WAY—The first and final account of F. W. Smith, admr., of & etc., of Caleb Way, late of Unionville Boro. dec'd.
15. WITMER—The first and final account of James C. Witmer, admr., of &c., of Dora M. Witmer, late of Benner Twp., dec'd.
16. HOOVER—The first and final account of Thomas Hoover, admr., C. T. A., of Catherine Hoover, late of Snow Shoe, Twp., dec'd.

Register's Office, Bellefonte, Pa., Aug. 24th 1917.

FRANK SASSERMAN,
Register.

Notice of Annual Meeting

Notice is hereby given that the annual meeting of the members of the Bellefonte Hospital will be held at the Bellefonte Hospital on Friday Aug. 31st, 1917, at 4 o'clock p. m., for the election of members of the Board of Directors to fill such vacancies in the board as may then exist; also to pass upon all matters that may properly come before said meeting and particulary to pass upon a proposed amendment to the charter and the By-Laws of the corporation, by a proposed amendment to article V of the said Charter in such manner as to reduce the number of members of the said Board to such a number as may be then determined and set forth in a formal amendment thereof to be proposed for adoption at the said meeting.

All persons who have contributed to the support of Hospital during the last year are entitled to a vote at the said meeting.

By order of the Board of Directors.

H. E. FENLON,
Secretary.

Schools Will Soon Open

LARKSPUR LOTION

will settle the bug question

Price 25 cents

GREEN'S PHARMACY CO.

The Rexall Store

BELLEFONTE - PA.

Notice of Primary Election

In accordance with an Act of Assembly known as the Uniform Primaries Act approved July 12, 1913, and supplements thereto, notice is hereby given that a Primary Election will be held on

WEDNESDAY, THE 19th DAY OF SEPTEMBER, 1917

at which time the polls will be open from 7 o'clock A. M. to 7 o'clock P. M., for the purpose of nominating candidates for the following offices to be voted for at the Municipal Election to be held November 6th, 1917:—

COUNTY OFFICES

Each political party is entitled to nominate persons for the following County Offices:

Two Jury Commissioners

TOWNSHIP, PRECINCT, BOROUGH AND WARD OFFICES

Each political party is entitled to nominate persons for the following offices:

Judge of Elections
Inspectors of Elections
Assessor
Registry Assessor
Councilmen
Burgess
Tax Collector
Auditors
Township Supervisors
Justices of the Peace
School Directors

Notice is also hereby given that petitions to have the names of candidates printed upon the ballots of the Township Precinct, Borough and Ward offices for which nominations are to be made, as well as for party offices to be elected therein, must be filed in the office of the County Commissioners at Bellefonte, Pa., on or before August 22, 1917.

DANIEL A. GROVE,
WM. H. NOLL, Jr.,
ISAAC MILLER.
County Commissioners

Attest:
HARRY N. MEYER.
Clerk.

Bellefonte, Pa., July 23, 1917.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

By virtue of a writ of Levari Facias, issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Centre County, Pennsylvania and to me directed, there will be exposed to public sale at the Court House, in the Borough of Bellefonte, Pa., on

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1917

at 1.30 P. M., the following described real estate, to wit:

All that certain messuage tenement and lot of ground situated in Boggs township, Centre County, Pa., bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a stone corner of T. R. Bathurst, and Curtin estate on the public road leading from Curtin works to Nittany valley, thence easterly along line of T. R. Bathurst 410½ feet to a post; thence at right angles to same along line of Curtin estate 416½ feet to post; thence at right angles along the line of Curtin estate 416½ feet to post in public road aforesaid, thence along said public road 416½ feet to the place of beginning. Containing four acres more or less, being the same lot of ground which Catherine Ann Ball by deed dated May 21st, 1912, granted and conveyed to Cadence Crossmyre, party of the first part hereto.

Seized, levied upon, taken into execution, and to be sold as the property of Cadence Crossmyre and John H. Crossmyre.

TERMS OF SALE—No deed will be acknowledged until the purchase money is paid in full.

Sheriff's Office, Bellefonte, Pa.,
Aug. 24th, 1917.

GEO. H. YARNELL, Sheriff.

COURT PROCLAMATION.

Whereas the Honorable Henry C. Quigley President Judge of the Court of Common Pleas of the 49th Judicial District, consisting of the County of Centre, having issued his precept, bearing date the 18th day of August, 1917, to me directed, for holding a Court of Common Pleas, Orphans' Court, Court of Quarter Sessions of the Peace, Oyer and Terminer and General Jail Delivery, in Bellefonte, for the county of Centre, and to commence on the

FOURTH MONDAY OF SEPTEMBER

being the 24th day of September, 1917, and to continue two weeks,

NOTICE is hereby given to the Coroner, Justices of the Peace, Aldermen and Constables of said county of Centre, that they be then and there in their proper persons at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of the 24th, with their records, inquisitions, examinations and their own remembrances, to do those things which to their office appertains to be done, and those who are bound in recognizances, to prosecute against the prisoners that are or shall be in the jail of Centre county, be then and there to prosecute against them as shall be just.

Given under my hand, at Bellefonte, the 18th day of August, in the year of our Lord 1917, and the one hundred and forty-first year of the Independence of the United States of America.

GEO. H. YARNELL, Sheriff.

Sheriff's Office, Bellefonte, Pa
August 18th, 1917.

An Ordinance

Relative to a vacation of a portion of Olive Street, in the Borouge of Snow Shoe.

Section 1. Be it ordained and enacted by the Town Council of the Borough of Snow Shoe, and it is hereby ordained and enacted by the authority of the same, that a portion of Olive Street in the said Borough, is hereby vacated, namely, all that portion thereof, fifteen feet in width, extending along the Southwesterly side thereof, beginning at the Northwestern corner of the intersection of said Street with Fourth Street, and running in a Northwesterly direction to the Borough line; thus leaving the remainder of said Street sixty-five feet in width, between Fourth Street and the Northwestern line of said Borough; it being understood that no building of any nature shall hereafter be erected on that portion of the Street hereby vacated.

Ordained and enacted at a regular meeting of the Town Council of the Borough of Snow Shoe, on the 3rd day of July, A. D. 1917.

THE BOROUGH OF SNOW SHOE

J. HARRIS HOY, D. R. THOMAS,
Sec. of Town Council. Pres. of Town Council

And now July, 8th, 1917, I hereby approve the foregoing ordinance.

W. C. SNYDER.
Burgess.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of William Cronoble, late of Spring Township, Centre County, Pa.

Letters testamentary in the above named estate have been issued to the undersigned to whom all persons indebted to the same will make prompt payment and those having claims will present them without delay.

MRS. JOSEPHINE CRONOBLE,
Pleasant Gap.
GEORGE H. YARNELL,
Bellefonte, Pa.,
Executors.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

In the Orphans' Court of Cambria County In the Re-Estate of Paul Tote (otherwise Paul Toth,) late of Snow Shoe Township, Centre County, Pa., deceased.

Letters of administration on the above estate having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to the said estate are requested to make payment, and those having claims to present the same without delay to

ROBERT C. HOERLE,
First National Bank Bldg., Administrator.
Johnstown, Pa.

Penny-A-Word Column

ARCHITECT—Anna W. Keichline, Bellefonte, Pa.

FOR SALE—Badger Dairy Feed, 24 per cent Protein, go to J. S. Waite & Co.

FOR RENT—Desirable house, with bath. Inquire of A. E. Schad, Bellefonte, Pa.

FOR RENT—Five room house on north Penn street. Inquire of Herbert Auman, Bellefonte.

Fire insurance and automobile at a reduced rate.
4-mo J. M. KEICHLINE, Agent.

FOR SALE—Building lots for sale or rent. Inquire Green's Pharmacy Co., Bellefonte, Pa.

FOR SALE—A Maxwell touring car—1916 model. Inquire of Montgomery & Co., Bellefonte, Pa.

LET MADAM KOSMOS—Help you by giving your Life Prediction. Send birth date and dime. E. K. KOSMOS, Box 291, Louisville, Ky.

FOR SALE.—One hundred acres, more or less, adjoining the borough of Milesburg. Inquire at Green's Pharmacy, Bellefonte, Pa.

SINGLE MEN—Tenant men wanted on farms at once. Come prepared to start work; $30 to $45 per month. Empire Agency, 140 Castle St., Geneva, N. Y.

FOR SALE—Walnut bed room suite with a marble top bureau and washstand. Inquire of Mrs. Chas. Segner, Boalsburg, Pa.

WANTED—A blacksmith to do shoeing and make repairs on mine cars. Address Harbison-Walker Refractories Co.
Monument, Pa.

AGENTS.—Big pay and automobile furnished free to agents placing sample of new necessity with automobile owners. Address President, Orolo Manufacturing Co., Louisville, Ky.

FOR SALE—$100.00 Typewriter, Remington No. 10 Visible, slightly used, as good as new. Must sell quick. $65.00. J. H. Engel, 527 Pine St., Williamsport, Pa.

FOR SALE—One good as new (used 4 days) Keeler boiler; 400 square feet of actual radiation and a commercial rating 530 square feet.
T. A. Hugg, Milesburg.

FOR SALE—Five lots on North Spring Street, Bellefonte, 42½x200 feet, with large shade trees in front; also 100 acres, more or less, adjoining Milesburg borough. Inquire of Green's Pharmacy, Bellefonte, Pa.

LOST—Valuable brooch, gold mounting, circle of rubies; about one inch in diameter. May have been lost in train enroute from Tyrone to Bellefonte, or in Bellefonte. Liberal reward. Inquire at The Republican office.

LOST—Black cow, with mark about the size of an egg on left jaw. Strayed away two or three days ago and probably has calf by this time. Any information leave at Budinger & Co. Store at Clarence, or Cato Store, at Cato.—Steve Seposh, Cato, Pa.

AGENT—Good live man with Ford car, for this territory, to sell Woods Disc Pinch Clutch Ford Starter, only practical Ford starter on the market. Guaranteed for 1 year. Retails at $15.00. For terms write Union Sales & Supply Company, 4066 Jenkins Arcade, Pittsburgh, Pa.

AGENTS WANTED—Free to demonstrators Ovee Vacuum Butter Maker. New marvelous invention Makes butter 4c. pound. Retails $1.50. Saves its cost first 10 minutes. Thousands will be sold. $25 daily easy. Act quick. Ovee Manufacturing Company, Louisville, Kentucky.

AGENTS WANTED—$25 to $50 Weekly in a business of your own. Don't be an Agent. Start in the Gold, Silver, Nickel etc. Plating Business. Prof. Gray's outfits are practical and complete. Work easy, profit enormous. Every family, restaurant, shop has tableware, jewelry, metal goods of all kinds to be re-plated. Every other business over-crowded—no plating shops. A grand opening in your section. Will you grasp it? Address today. GRAY & CO., Plating Works, 150 Gray Bldg., CINCINNATI O.

Skill of a Detective

Murder Mystery Solved by Bogus Confession

By Howard Fielding

Copyright by C. W. Hooke.

When I was chief of police of the city of Bradbury I had a somewhat remarkable case that began with a very peculiar incident. A lawyer named Eugene Pollard called me up by telephone at headquarters about 11 o'clock one evening and told me rather excitedly that he had just been in communication with Frederic Clinton and that in the midst of the conversation he had heard a sound as of a blow and another as of a heavy fall. Failing to get further speech with Mr. Clinton, he had appealed to "central," who had tried in vain to help him and had said that the receiver of Mr. Clinton's telephone must be off the hook so that the bell would not ring.

I told Mr. Pollard that I would meet him in five minutes at the Clinton residence. My light car was at the door of the station house, and I immediately jumped aboard, accompanied by a special officer named Devlin. As we came alongside the Clinton house, which is on the corner of our best residence street and is surrounded by lawns and gardens which take up the full depth of the block, I thought I saw a moving figure amid the shrubbery. I sent Devlin to investigate.

I was about to ring the bell when the front door was suddenly but softly opened and Robert Clinton, nephew of Frederic, emerged in haste, mingled with caution. He was greatly startled at the sight of me, but my explanation was interrupted by the appearance of Pollard, who came panting up the walk. Robert, however, had made out that I thought something was wrong with his uncle, and he turned and ran into the house. We followed to the only lighted room that I had observed in any part of the structure.

There was a roll top desk open, with an end against the farther wall. Close against the front of the desk stood a chair, behind which lay the body of Frederic Clinton, face downward. There was a dreadful wound on the back of the head, but the man's soul still lingered.

"Robert!" he uttered in a tone of much affection, and the next instant he was gone.

During this scene I had been considerably impressed by the bearing of Robert Clinton, I can hardly say why.

"You and I must begin to look into this affair," said I. "Of course the method of the crime is clear enough. The golf club is the weapon, and I suppose there is no doubt that the murderer stepped out from behind that curtain across the doorway into the passage. Where does that passage lead?"

Instead of answering my question Clinton pressed his hand to his fore-

THE BODY OF FREDERIC CLINTON LAY FACE DOWNWARD.

head and exhaled a shuddering groan.

"I could have prevented this," he said.

"What do you mean?" I demanded.

"I saw somebody there," he answered. "I came home a few minutes before 11. Just as I was at the gate I saw the lights turned up in this room, but the curtains were drawn. I came slowly up the walk and paused on the veranda, debating whether I should go in and speak to my uncle. Finally I decided to do so. I knocked at his door. After a very brief interval he said, 'Come in.' I entered, and the draft caused that curtain to swing into the passage there at the back of the room. I thought I saw it press against the figure of some one standing behind it."

"And you didn't tell your uncle?"

"No; I thought he knew. Practically the same thing had happened before. I'll tell you all about it. I thought it was Mr. Pollard behind the curtain. My uncle had some dealings with him and didn't wish me to know, so one evening when Pollard was here and I knocked my uncle asked him to step into the passage."

"How did you find out about it?"

"I asked Pollard, and he told me."

"Did he tell you what his business was with your uncle?"

"No, but I found out."

"What was it?"

"I can't tell you."

"Do you realize," said I, "that your evidence is not very nice for Mr. Pollard?"

"But—but Pollard wasn't here!" he gasped. "We know where he says he was."

"But surely the girl—central—will remember what happened."

"Perhaps she will, and yet"—

I was interrupted by the sudden entrance of the officer whom I had sent to search the grounds. A small corner of my mind had been wondering for some time what had become of my man, but I had not dreamed that he would appear with a prisoner, far less that that prisoner would be a woman.

"Robert!" she cried. "How dreadful!"

"Where did you get her?" I asked Devlin in a guarded tone.

"She was outside there. I chased her clear to Willow street. Pretty near home she was when I caught her."

"You know who she is, then?"

"Sure. She's Celia Burton, the girl that's made the trouble between Bob Clinton and his uncle."

I asked him what Miss Burton had said in explanation of her presence, and Devlin answered that she told him that she had come to see Clinton.

"He was to have met her this evening, an' he didn't," said Devlin, "an' along about 11 o'clock she got to wonderin' why, so she come over an' whistled under his window, an' he looked out an' said he'd be with her in a minute."

This extremely unconventional behavior was quite characteristic of Miss Burton. She was a clerk in a candy store and had been "written up" in the local papers as the prettiest girl in town. Such fame as that must necessarily have prejudiced her in the eyes of a rigid aristocrat like Frederic Clinton. Indeed, it was for a love affair with a girl of very similar antecedents that Clinton had disinherited and banished his only son.

Miss Burton repeated to me the story she had told Devlin, and she made no excuses.

"I wanted to see him," she said, as if that were quite sufficient.

On his part, Robert said that he had spent the evening in Greensford, about twenty miles from Bradbury, and had returned by the last train, but he refused to tell me what errand had called him there. Pollard would not disclose the nature of his business with Mr. Clinton, pleading professional privilege.

On the morrow, however, there came a startling revelation. The cashier of the First National bank told me that Pollard had obtained during the last few days over $80,000 in cash from Mr. Clinton's account and had also visited the safe deposit vaults with Mr. Clinton, presumably to get securities.

This disclosure seemed to justify me in questioning Pollard more sharply. To my surprise, he threw aside his reticence completely.

"My business with Mr. Clinton," he said, "has related to a settlement with his son."

"I thought he was dead," said I.

"He is not dead," replied the lawyer. "His father has seen him several times of late. Mr. Clinton desired to keep this matter from the knowledge of the nephew, Robert, and therefore the son, Edward Clinton, has been living in Greensford."

"Greensford?" said I. "Did Robert go to see him last evening?"

"He did. They were together up to the time that Robert took the last train home."

"Then Edward, the son, has an alibi in Robert's testimony."

"He has," replied the lawyer. "I have talked with Robert today about it."

"Did Robert fear that the son would be restored to favor and he himself cast adrift?"

"I think so."

"I have always understood that Mr. Clinton had made Robert his sole heir by will."

"That was true, but it is not true now," answered Pollard. "There is no will. Mr. Clinton destroyed it three days ago, intending to draw another. The son is the natural heir. Robert gets nothing, but," he added significantly, "Robert does not yet know of this. Neither does Celia Burton."

"Do you mean to intimate that one of them killed him?"

"Who else could it have been?" said he. "Who had a motive?"

"But Edward's safety depends on Robert's evidence"—

"Which I have induced him to put in the form of an affidavit," said the lawyer grimly.

"You don't believe that Robert killed him," said I, "yet this is not a woman's crime."

"It is not an ordinary woman's crime," he rejoined.

When I left Pollard the case looked extremely bad from the point of view of a chief of police, for there seemed to be no chance of convicting anybody.

I went over to Greensford and looked up Edward Clinton's alibi. Even without the evidence of his cousin Robert it was ironclad. This man could have no fear of being accused of this murder, and, assured of this, I summoned him to Bradbury, and he came. We had a conversation in my private room, and the reader must understand that everything I said to that man was a lie.

"Mr. Clinton," I said, "I have just sent some of my men to arrest the murderer of your father. He will be here soon, and I shall question him. In order that I may be prepared to do so I want to talk with you first. Do you know anything about Miss Celia Burton, your cousin's sweetheart?"

"Yes," said he. "I guess she's a pretty bad egg."

"Miss Burton," I resumed, "was a special providence in this case. Without her I don't know what we should have done. You see, the point is right here: Your father undoubtedly called up Lawyer Pollard by telephone. The girl in the central office settles that, and she says that she rang Pollard's telephone fully five minutes, if not ten, before she got any answer. Now, your father's telephone was beside his desk, so that he could use it sitting down, but he was standing—bending over—when he was struck. The position of the chair, pushed well under the desk, and the nature of the wound show these things. Do you think a man of his age would have stood in that position five or ten minutes with a chair right handy? Do you think the murderer would have waited so long?

"Well—but—I don't quite see"—

"I tell you, sir, your father was struck down as soon as he called Pollard's number. The girl in the central office did not hear his voice again. She heard only Pollard's. Very well. Pollard lives in a lodging house. The lodger in the room over him was awake at 11 o'clock that night and did not hear

I READ TO HIM A BOGUS CONFESSION OF POLLARD'S.

Pollard's telephone bell. Why not? That lodger often had heard it, but not that night, though the house was still. Why not? I ask you again. Because the bell was muffled. Pollard muffled it before he went to your father's house that night. He knew that Mr. Clinton was going to call him up. It had been arranged that he should do so. But Pollard went over there first, before Mr. Clinton got home. He got in by a back window and secreted himself in that curtained passage, holding one of your cousin Robert's golf clubs in his hand. Your father entered and turned up the lights and went straight to the telephone. Pollard crept out of the passage, crouching behind the desk. He waited till the number had been called, and then he struck and struck again. A moment later he had fled through that passage and out of the house and through the garden and so home. The muffled bell was ringing. He answered the call. A beautiful alibi established, and, to make it neater, he called me up and told his excellent story of overhearing the tragedy in your father's home."

"But this is conjecture," said Clinton. "You can't know"—

"That's where my pretty little special province comes in," said I. "The fair lady of our story was in your father's garden, and she saw the red handed murderer flee through the shadows.

"And now," I continued, "I've had Pollard from the first, though the motive was a little obscure. You must furnish that. How much money has Pollard paid you on your father's order?"

He named the sum, and it was right so far as I knew, but I couldn't afford to say so.

"Just about half," said I. "He's stuck you $100,000. I know that, but I can prove it, your father being dead. However, Pollard will undoubtedly confess."

And at this I touched on electric button, and one of my men entered.

"Beg pardon, sir," said he. "We've got him, and he's all broken down. He'll tell you everything he knows."

"Wait for me here," said I and left the room.

Edward Clinton waited about half a minute, and then he climbed out of a window that I had left conspicuously open. This, of course, was good proof that my theory was right. We let him get away a mile or more and then brought him back. I had him put into the worst cell we've got, and I read to him through the bars a bogus confession of Pollard's wherein it was related that the plot to kill Frederic Clinton had been devised by his son, who had promised to share the fortune which he would inherit with Pollard as payment for the murder and the destruction of the will.

Edward's nerves couldn't stand that. He confessed that he had agreed to share the fortune with Pollard, but he declared that from first to last every step of the plot had been devised by the lawyer, in whose hands he had been as so much putty.

Having secured a signed statement from Edward Clinton, I arrested Pollard on the strength of it, and, though he made a hard fight, I secured his conviction. Edward Clinton as an accomplice lost his inheritance, and the fortune passed to Robert as the next of kin. He married Celia, and at last accounts they were very happy.

Overboard

A Labor Day Story

By John Twining

An ocean liner was coming across the Atlantic. In the main portion of the ship, fitted up with every convenience, every luxury, were millionaires and multimillionaires, some of whom had been prominent in the London social season, and not a few brought with them jewels, a fortune in themselves, that had blazed in many a ballroom in England's capital. There was one man aboard occupying a suit of apartments the price of which for a four days' trip would give a workingman a comfortable home for a lifetime. These people, seemingly regardless of being suspended between the heavens above and the bottom of an ocean several miles beneath them, wore their fine clothes at dinner, and in the evening ate choice viands, drank the best wines, listened to music, flirted, even danced, while the hours glided happily away to the swish of the waves against the leviathan's side—a gayly careless lot, seemingly oblivious to the cares and sorrows of this world.

How different the underworld, which on shipboard is as far beneath the upper world as on land! In the steerage was many a family packed in their narrow quarters, eating the homeliest fare, and many, though accustomed to the ordinary wine of their country, were drinking only water, and that out of tin cups.

Among these steerage passengers was one Adolph Stahr, a Swede, a young man twenty-five years old, with his bride, Amelia, six years his junior. They had left their native country, their simple peasant life, to seek a home in the new world. Adolph was a mason by trade, and Amelia had worked in a factory in her native land, becoming expert at weaving. They had heard that in America the price of labor had, by the united effort of the laborers, been raised to what seemed to them a very high figure. Accustomed as they had been to living on a pittance, they believed that, receiving these wages, they could save money enough within a few years to build them a home in which they might live comfortably for the rest of their days.

And so, putting together all the money they had with something that their parents gave them, they set out on their long journey for what was to them a land of promise. Taking ship for England, they there re-embarked for America.

Half their journey across the Atlantic had been accomplished when one afternoon a fog settled down over the waters. Fogs on the sea are dreaded by mariners, and, although the dressing in fine clothes, the feasting, the wine drinking, the music, went on among the passengers in the main part of the ship, many heard the constant, deep toned toot-toot of the fog whistle warning vessels that might be near. But at last all aboard the great ship except those whose duty it was to sail her were in their berths.

Suddenly there was a crash forward, the sleepers were awakened, all jarred, some thrown out of their berths. There was a mad rush to the deck, many going up in their nightclothes, where they found confusion and saw the lights of a ship drifting away from them. Fading into the fog they soon passed out of sight. The captain stood on the bridge coolly giving his orders, but few of them were obeyed. Above the babel was the wild cry for help from the wireless machine. From the first the crew realized that the liner had been hard hit, and the worst was feared. Those who were sent to examine the damage came running back to report that the foremost bulkhead was rapidly filling and that others astern of it were in danger of giving way.

An hour later when it was known that the ship was sinking the boats were lowered and the women and children put into them. The men of millions for the first time in their lives came to a position where the wife and child of an emigrant were permitted to step into a lifeboat while they themselves must remain to go down with the ship.

One parting among those who were to go and those who were to remain it is the province of this story to mention. Amelia Stahr clung to her husband and refused to leave him. Taking her in his arms, he carried her to one of the boats, put her in and before she could get out the boat was lowered and pulled away from the ship.

The gray of the morning revealed the leviathan a few miles distant, half sunken, resting on the water like a dying sea monster. Slowly she settled, watched by those in the boats, nearly all of whom knew that some loved one was soon to go down to death with her. Then raising her huge stern she plunged downward, and the place where she had been was but a part of the boundless ocean.

Safety came for those in the boats in the appearance of a steamer that had heard the wireless cry for succor. The boats were relieved of their burden, and those who had left the sunken ship were carried into an American port.

Amelia Stahr on reaching the land with her fellow sufferers received every attention. But for this the case would have been hardindeed. Nevertheless it did not relieve the desolation of coming to a new land a bride widow. As soon as it was known what labor she could do those intrusted with the work of assisting the women and children who had lost husband and father secured her a place in mills where she could ply her trade, and she became self supporting. Some time after her arrival in America a little girl was born to her, and, although there was a melancholy in not having her husband with her at the time, she welcomed the child as a memento of her husband and as a solace in her loneliness.

Amelia for awhile had a lingering hope that Adolph might be picked up and brought to land by some passing vessel, but as month after month passed and she heard nothing from him the hope gradually died away. She was well skilled in her work and received every attention and encouragement, as did all survivors of that terrible shipwreck.

And so time passed. The widow worked hard and saved that she might educate her child. Amelia was still young and comely, with the fair hair and complexion of the people of the north and a pair of melancholy blue eyes. Suitors came, but she listened to none of them. From childhood she had been Adolph Stahr's sweetheart, and there was little prospect of her ever giving herself to any other man.

Six years passed. Little Lena Stahr, who was now old enough to be amused by pageants, when a Labor day came round besought her mother to take her to see the procession.

So Mrs. Stahr, putting on the child's best clothes, took her into the city and found a vacant stoop where they would be sufficiently elevated to see the marching men. There they waited.

The child was wild with that excitement children of her age display at some unusual occurrence, especially a parade. When necks were craned in the direction the trades unions were expected she would shout, "Here they come!" and when disappointed would begin to look forward for the next forecast of the approach. In this way an hour passed, when a distant roll of drums was heard, followed by faint strains of martial music. Then Lena danced and clapped her hands and laughed with anticipation.

At last came the band, headed by the drum major, whose tossing of his staff was a delight to all onlooking children. Then the grand marshal, surrounded by his aids, passed by, followed by one union after another. When the masons passed suddenly a man darted from the ranks, pushed his way through the crowd that lined the sidewalk and, leaping over several small boys and disarranging the big hats of a number of women, clasped Amelia in his arms.

The man was Adolph Stahr, her husband. Amelia saw him and knew him before he reached her. Almost before his arms were about her she lost consciousness. Her first act after coming to herself was to point to Lena. Adolph understood, and, taking the child in his arms, the three were united in one embrace.

Stahr after parting with his wife on the sinking vessel began to think of himself. First he picked up a life preserver and put it about him. He was cool and took forethought for a possible saving of his life. He secured a bottle of water and some meat and bread. These, with a small flask of liquor he had brought with him on his journey, he stowed away as best he could on his person, then, returning to the deck, gathered what loose material he could to make a raft.

The latter stood him in good stead, for, embarking upon it, he managed to paddle himself far enough away from the ship not to be drawn down with her when she sank. He was among a very few who did so, and soon after the ship went down he became separated from that few.

He saw the steamer that came and took up those in the boats, but he had meanwhile drifted away from them too far to be seen or heard, but he rejoiced at the knowledge that those in the boats, especially his young wife, were saved. He drifted slowly on till there was nothing in sight except the sky and the ocean. The sea was comparatively calm, and his bread and meat he kept dry till they had been consumed. These, with his bottle of water, kept him alive for three days—days of horror, but not bereft of hope. Ships passed, but they were too far away to be attracted. At last he kept what remained of his strength by an occasional draft from his flask.

He was passing into semiconsciousness when he was aroused by a shout and saw a small boat pulled toward him. He was taken on board a sailing ship bound on a trading tour around the world and found no means for leaving her and making America for a long while. When he did succeed in this his Amelia had been lost track of by those who had known of her landing.

Stahr did not return to the ranks. He found something more interesting than parading—a wife and a daughter whom he had never seen, of whose existence he had had no knowledge. Between the two, the wife leaning on his arm, the daughter lovingly holding the hand of her newly found father, they went to the mother's home to lay plans for their future.

Since that fortunate meeting, that blessed reunion, the Stahr family take an unusual interest in Labor day, for it is their main anniversary. Had it not been for that parade that Mrs. Stahr and her daughter were looking at, their paths might never have joined. Stahr called their meeting a coincidence, but Mrs. Stahr, who is a devout Christian, looks upon it as a dispensation of a merciful Providence. They have prospered, the husband and father having made money as a contractor, but he never fails to join in the parade on Labor day like an ordinary workman.

ITALY'S LEANING TOWERS.

The Strangest of Them All Are the Two In Bologna.

Italy is a land of many leaning towers, but the tower of Pisa is the best known. The strangest of the leaning towers, however, are the Torre Asinelli and the Torre Garisenda in Bologna, which were erected A. D. 1109 and 1110. The builders intended them for fortified homes, of which Bologna at one time possessed as many as 200. The gloomy, smooth walled brick towers standing side by side make a strange impression upon the person who looks up at them from the ground.

The Torre Asinelli is 320 feet high and contains a rough staircase of 447 steps. From the summit, which is four feet out of plumb with the base, one has a fine view of the city. The slant is unintentional and was probably caused by the sinking of the foundations. Torre Garisenda is 163 feet high—sixteen feet lower than the Leaning Tower of Pisa—and is ten feet out of plumb—only three feet less than the Tower of Pisa.

When Ottone Garisenda began to build, A. D. 1110, he apparently wanted his house to surpass his neighbor Asinelli's in oddity, and so he intentionally made his tower out of the perpendicular. He found it impossible, however, to complete the tower at that angle and had to cease work.—London Standard.

PREHISTORIC WEAPONS.

They Were Probably Made of Iron Obtained From Meteorites.

In the old world the art of smelting ores was discovered about 1200 B. C. It has sometimes been suggested that iron tools and weapons may have been made at an earlier period from meteorites, and recently a considerable amount of evidence in behalf of this hypothesis has been presented by C. F. Zimmer.

He has compiled a list of the known iron-containing meteorites, nearly all accumulated within the past century, and he shows from these alone about 250 tons of iron might be obtained. Of this amount more than 99 per cent is malleable, consisting of a nickel-iron alloy. He also shows by means of a series of illustrations how easy it is to detach from the meteorites fragments of iron suitable for use as tools or implements when mounted in handles.

Thus it seems fairly probable that a widespread use may have been made of meteoritic iron in prehistoric times. At the time of the Spanish conquest of Mexico the Aztecs had iron knives and daggers, which, they declared, had been obtained from the sky. Moreover, the use of meteoritic iron by Eskimos and American Indians is a matter of recent history.—Scientific American.

Getting By.

An Indianapolis man, who for the purpose of this story will be called Mr. X., asked a friend, Mr. Y., for the loan of $20. Mr. Y. replied that he did not have the money with him, but would return with it later.

When he came back to Mr. X.'s office he found Mr. X. busily engaged in an apparent effort to make a favorable impression on a visitor unknown to Mr. Y.

"Here is that twenty," said Y. breaking in on the conversation.

Mr. X. turned as though annoyed by the interruption; then his face brightened with a patronizing smile.

"Thanks, old fellow," he said. "Any time I can do anything more for you let me know."

Mr. Y., the lender, retreated in confusion.—Indianapolis News.

The Fear of the Past.

The future is a blank wall on which every man can write his own name as large as he likes. The past I find already covered with illegible scribbles, such as Plato, Isaiah, Shakespeare, Michelangelo, Napoleon. I can make the future as narrow as myself. The past is obliged to be as broad and turbulent as humanity, and the upshot of this modern attitude is really this—that men invent new ideals because they dare not attempt old ideals. They look forward with enthusiasm because they are afraid to look back.—Gilbert K. Chesterton.

Another Mystery Explained.

Mr. Lynch and his friend were discussing family names and their history.

"How did your name originate?" asked the friend.

"Oh, probably one of my ancestors was of the grasping kind that you hear about so often. Somebody gave him an 'ynch' and he took an 'L.'"—Christian Register.

The Smithy.

In the forty-fourth chapter, twelfth verse, of Isaiah is this description of a smithy: The smith with the tongs both worketh in the coals and fashioned it with hammers and worketh with the strength of his arms; yea, he is hungry, and his strength faileth; he drinketh no water and is faint.

Not Superstitious.

Collector (warmly)—I've been here a dozen times, sir, and I positively won't call again. Debtor (cheerfully)—Oh, come now, my man. Don't be so superstitious about making the thirteenth call. Nothing will happen, I assure you.—Stray Stories.

A Liberal Spender.

"He's a liberal spender."

"So?"

"Yes; almost anybody but his wife can get money out of him."—Detroit Free Press.

Affliction is not sent in vain, young man, from that good God who chastens whom he loves.—Southey.

A Diplomatic Affair

It Was Managed by a Woman

By ETHEL HOLMES

"Mme. Chapellier?"

"Yes."

"His excellency has directed me to admit you as soon as you called."

The attendant led the way to the private office of the minister of foreign affairs, opened the door and announced:

"Mme. Chapellier!"

"The government," said the minister, "appreciating your past services, is desirous of adding to the amounts already paid you another 50,000 francs."

"And I doubt not the government expects me to add to my past services a corresponding amount."

"Can you leave for London tonight?"

"I can go anywhere at any time."

"Very well. I will explain."

The minister cast a look about the room, habitual with him before entering upon a matter involving secrecy, leaned forward in his chair and spoke in a low tone.

"The British government has made a treaty with the ambassador of the sublime porte at London by which the sultan grants valuable concessions to Great Britain. We have been negotiating with the sultan's ambassador here in Paris for these same privileges, but we are too late.

"Sir Bradford Chichester, one of the younger members of the British diplomatic corps, has engaged passage by sea for Constantinople in a ship sailing on the 14th. He will carry with him the British-Turkish treaty for signature at the Turkish foreign office. It is our purpose to delay him either at starting or on the way."

Mme. Chapellier reached London the next morning and reported in person to Baron le Brun, the ambassador.

"In order to assist you," he said, "I give a dinner this evening at which Sir Bradford Chichester will be present. Have you costumes?"

"Everything except appropriate jewels. I shall personate a wealthy American widow—Mrs. Worthington Wood."

"Very well. I shall expect you at 8."

At the dinner given at the French embassy Mrs. Worthington Wood, who, though born of French parents, had lived the first fifteen years of her life in America, was taken in to dinner by Sir Bradford Chichester. She knew that his family, though ancient, were not rich and that he would gladly take a wealthy wife. She manifested so much interest in seeing his country seat, the Dunes, on the Irish channel and some 200 miles from London, that he, thinking to benefit in the matter of a courtship—should he deem such desirable—arranged a house party to go there to remain till the 13th, when he must return to the city to be ready to sail on the 14th. Of course Mrs. Wood was invited.

The next day a small number of guests assembled at the Dunes. It was winter, but the house was cheerfully lighted and logs blazed on every hearth. Sir Bradford devoted himself to the young widow. There are women who possess the knack of carrying an impressible man quickly off his feet. Such was Mrs. Worthington Wood. She administered, so to speak, a love potion. There was in it a reason—to cause her victim to feel that he could never aspire to possess her. Eyes that shot a spark to kindle passion, feigned innocence to excite reverence.

Sir Bradford, Mrs. Wood and several others of the house party had gone up from London on the same train and in the same compartment. Mrs. Wood noticed that her host carried a leather hand bag that he never lost sight of. If he left the train for a moment at a station he took the bag with him; if he went into the smoking compartment to enjoy a cigar the hand bag went with him.

Mrs. Wood also noticed that when he entered the family equipage to be driven to his home, while he gave up his rugs, umbrella and other such belongings to the servants, he held on to the satchel. She deemed it necessary to her plans to know where the hand bag should be deposited. But as soon as the host entered the house, leaving his guests to be shown to their rooms by the housekeeper, he disappeared. When Mrs. Wood next saw him the satchel was not with him.

"I have brought with me," she said to him, "a few of my finest jewels, not daring to leave them in London. Have you a safe in the house?"

"Certainly," he said. "One moment. I will call the housekeeper. The safe is in my bedroom. She will go with us."

"Us? Is it necessary for you to go?"

"I never allow my safe to be opened except by myself."

"On second thought, I will keep my valuables locked in my trunk."

There was a faint reproach in the glance she gave him and her tone.

"Pardon me," he said. "I would trust you, but my housekeeper"—

"You would not trust?"

"Certainly, I would trust you both, but there is property in that safe that doesn't belong to me. Would I be justified in permitting any one, however trustworthy, to go in there?"

His tone was growing more decided. Interests of state were asserting themselves.

"You would be a fool to do so. Here is my box. I intrust it to your care."

A temptation came to him not to be outdone in a matter of confidence, but he resisted it. Taking the box, in which there were only a few gems for informal occasions, he went away and placed it in his safe.

The next evening at dinner the young widow was entrancing. She seemed to be in a light, happy mood. She told the story of how the host had refused to permit her to visit his safe without his being present and set all the guests laughing by its humorous telling. The host laughed with the rest, and had he not been coming under a spell that would have ended the matter. As it was he winced. There was underneath Mrs. Wood's humor a faint suspicion of ridicule. He tried to excuse himself, but only got tangled in his own excuses.

"Don't you think," said the lady to the others, "that Sir Bradford owes me some reparation?"

All banteringly agreed that he did.

"Well, this is the last night of our visit here. Let him intrust me with the key of his safe till tomorrow morning."

All declared that such an act would not necessarily be showing any confidence whatever. But the widow insisted that it would satisfy her, and she smilingly held out her hand for the key.

The thought flashed through Sir Bradford's head that the safe, being in his own room, would be under his control through the night. There was a pretty woman smiling at him, daring him—a woman with whom he was fascinated and whom he thought it advantageous to marry. Nevertheless he did not consent. Then suddenly there came a flash from the woman's eyes, a haughty look as if she deemed such a denial of confidence insulting. Sir Bradford put his hand in his pocket and tossed the key on the table before her.

Amid a burst of laughter she seized it and placed it in her corsage.

The diplomat had no sooner yielded to an impulse than he regretted his act. A man under a woman's spell is liable to rush from one extreme to another. One moment he trusts her implicitly; the next he fears that he has fallen into the toils of a devil. At any rate, such was the fear of Sir Bradford. Never for a moment during the evening did he leave the side of the woman who possessed the key of his safe—the safe where was deposited that which if it passed into the possession of another would ruin him. If he turned away from her for a moment it was that she should not see the expression on his face when he cursed himself for a fool.

The widow rallied him continually. "Aren't you going to give me one moment alone?" "Be comforted! I am not in the habit of visiting any but my own room when I visit." "Will you sleep with a revolver under your pillow tonight?" These were some of the banterings she gave him, much to the amusement of the guests. At midnight, when the party broke up, she had made no move. She rose with the others and went up to her room.

The moment Sir Bradford heard her door close he went up to his own apartment. With his eyes fixed on his safe he gave himself up to tumultuous musing. It contained his possible ruin, and the key was in the possession of a woman he had known but a few days.

"Pooh, pooh! What an ass! She only did it to bedevil me. Nonsense! I have a revolver under my pillow, and if any one should come in here tonight— More nonsense! Who's to come?" Thus he tried to dismiss the matter from his mind. But, oh, if he only had the key!

He went to bed and tried to sleep. Slumber would not come. Fancying he heard a movement in his room, he arose and struck a light. He was ashamed of himself for doing so, but left it burning. This made him feel a trifle more comfortable, and toward morning he went to sleep.

He was awakened by his valet bringing hot water. After a glance at the safe, which showed no evidence of having been tampered with, he arose, dressed and went down to breakfast. A maid approached him and said:

"I took the hot water to Mrs. Wood, room 6. She didn't answer when I knocked, and I went in. She isn't there."

Sir Bradford blanched. Like lightning the thought flashed through his brain that the key of his safe had gone with her. Then he saw that he was ruined. He was to sail that afternoon for Constantinople. The only way to get the treaty was to break into his safe. But it was a new and perfect one, put in since he had entered the diplomatic service. Only in London could men be found of sufficient skill to do the work, and London was 200 miles away. He put his hand to his head, staggered up to his room and locked himself in.

* * * * * * *

Twenty-four hours later the minister of foreign affairs in Paris received the card of Mme. Chapellier. He directed that she be at once admitted.

"Well?" he said.

"I left the diplomat at his home far from London with the treaty locked in his safe. There is the key."

"And how much time do you think we will gain?"

She handed him an item cut from a newspaper stating that Sir Bradford Chichester had sent to London for men to open his safe; that they had failed and others more skillful had gone up. He had offered the latter £1,000 if they would do the job in three hours.

"That will do," said the minister. "Our treaty is on the way."

He drew her a check for 50,000 francs.

FISH AS A FOOD.

Not Nearly Enough of It Is Used In This Country.

The average American eats twenty pounds of fish a year. This includes oysters, clams, crabs, lobster, shrimp and mussels. One dietary authority states, according to Leslie's Weekly, that 200 miles inland from our three coasts the consumption of fish food per person is less than a half pound annually.

Each inhabitant of the British isles has fish on his bill of fare to the extent of 100 pounds every twelve months, while the fish consumption per capita in Germany is 120 pounds; Holland, 130 pounds; Norway, Sweden and Denmark, 150 pounds; China, 225 pounds, and Japan, nearly 500 pounds.

Latin Americans are the only people who eat less fish than do the inhabitants of the United States.

There is absolutely no sane argument against the larger and more extensive use of fish as a daily diet throughout the length and breadth of this land. It is ideal as a food. It is highly nutritious and rich in proteins. It is most easily digested. It contains in great abundance the chemical ingredients for making bone, muscle and tissue. As a food nothing detrimental can possibly be said against it. Fish, with the exception of a few species, are clean feeders

GROUND MOLES VALUABLE.

The Only Real Damage They Do Is When They Invade the Lawn.

From an examination of the stomach contents of 200 moles taken in all months of the year it was found by the bureau of biological survey of the United States department of agriculture that earthworms and white grubs constitute the bulk of the food. Beetles and their larvae and other insects that enter the ground, spiders, centipedes, cocoons and puparia also form a part of the diet. In one stomach were found the remains of 171 small white grubs, in another 250 ant puparia, in another ten cutworms and in another twelve earthworms.

The presence of starchy material in some of the stomachs is proof that the mole occasionally finds vegetable food, as certain seed grains softened by contact with the moist soil, an acceptable addition to its worm and insect diet. Seed coats of corn, wheat, oats and peanuts have been identified in a few stomachs.

Judgment against the mole may be rendered when it actually invades the lawn—the overt act—but no general warfare against an insect eating mammal should be encouraged.

Good, Hearty Laughter.

Hygienic experts can say what they like, but they will never compose a diet or discover a better health promoter than good, hearty laughter.

Laughter carries everything before it. It sweeps away the "blues," shakes up the old bones and stirs new life into every corner of the brain.

It fills the lungs with good, pure, new air and drives out all the bad, impure breath. It is the world's friend and one of the few human characteristics which are universal.

Promote real laughter, the genuine result of humorous incidents; not giggles, sickly smiles or sardonic and sarcastic grins, but honest, open, whole hearted laughter!

That's the only royal road to health. —London Opinion.

A Watch and a Horsepower.

An astute French mathematician has found that in certain watches the motions exceed 200,000,000 a year in little equal jumps. In the same time the outside of the average balance travels 7,500 miles. Yet despite this astonishing distance traveled by the ordinary watch the amount of power consumed is trifling, states the Popular Science Monthly. One horsepower is sufficient to run 270,000,000 watches. This is probably all the watches that are in existence. But if there should be more there would be enough power left in the one horsepower to run an additional thousand watches or so.

Consolation.

A woman doctor of Philadelphia was calling on a young sister, recently married, who was in distress. In response to the doctor's inquiry the newlywed said:

"I cooked a meal for the first time yesterday, and I made a terrible mess of it."

"Never mind, dearie," said the doctor cheerfully. "It's nothing to worry about. I lost my first patient."—Harper's.

The Point of View.

A Sunday school teacher had been telling her class the story of the good Samaritan. When she asked them what the story meant a little boy said:

"It means that when I am in trouble my neighbors must help me."—Christian Register.

Hoodooed.

Hokus—Flubdub complains that none of the girls look with favor on his suit. Pokus—How can they when he wears a high hat with a sack coat?—Town Topics.

An Indignant Officer.

"May we have the pleasure of your company this evening, colonel?"

"Company, madam? I command a regiment."—Boston Transcript.

Both Sides.

"Can your wife see two sides of a question?"

"Yes; her own and her mother's."—Life.

Man's life is in the impulse of elevation to something higher.—Jacobi.

HIS LAST PRAYER.

Stevenson Wrote It For His Family the Night Before He Died.

On the night before Death gave him his hand Robert Louis Stevenson composed and read to his family the following prayer:

"We beseech thee, Lord, to behold us with favor, folk of many families and nations, gathered together in the peace of this roof; weak men and women, subsisting under the covert of thy patience. Be patient still; suffer us yet awhile longer with our broken purposes of good, with our idle endeavors against evil; suffer us awhile longer to endure and (if it may be) help us to do better. Bless to us our extraordinary mercies; if the day come when these must be taken, have us play the man under affliction. Be with our friends; be with ourselves. Go with each of us to rest; if any awake, temper to them the dark hours of watching, and when the day returns to us, our sun and comforter, call us up with morning faces and with morning hearts, eager to labor, eager to be happy, if happiness shall be our portion, and, if the day be marked for sorrow, strong to endure it.

"We thank thee and praise thee, and, in the words of him to whom this day is sacred, close our oblation."

GEMS OF TRANSLATION.

Some Crude Spanish Found In American Business Catalogues.

A man who has learned Spanish in Spain picked up one of the numerous American business catalogues that are sent to Latin American countries in alleged Spanish. This is what he read, according to the Pan-American Review:

"In an automobile catalogue splendidly issued and richly illustrated, but full of absurdities on account of its insufferable translation, I read this caption at the foot of a magnificent illustration, 'Cinco pasajeros curros para viajando,' just as if we would say in English, 'To traveling car five passengers,' instead of 'five passenger car for traveling.' In a leather goods catalogue the caption 'Harness for a single horse buggy' is translated into Spanish in this way, 'Harness for a bachelor horse full of bugs.'"

You can find in many hardware or machinery catalogues the most striking translations; for instance, corkscrew for screwdriver, nut for screw, gobbler for bolt and hair curl for corkscrew!

All of which must spread laughter and sunshine in South America.

Origin of a Popular Hymn.

The following illustration given by D. L. Moody suggests the true origin of P. P. Bliss' hymn, "Let the Lower Lights Be Burning:" "A ship on Lake Erie bound for Cleveland harbor was overtaken by a storm, and as they neared the port the pilot could only see the upper light—the light from the lighthouse streaming to them through the storm and darkness. The lower lights were not burning. The pilot could not see how to steer into the harbor. It was impossible to sail back again upon the lake. The ship had to go forward, and for the want of the lower lights along the shore the vessel, now at the mercy of the huge, roaring waves, was dashed to pieces on the rocks, and many of the crew perished before help could reach them. P. P. Bliss was associated in those early days with D. L. Moody in Christian work, and he must have heard Mr. Moody use this illustration, which gives a beauty to its meaning."—Christian Herald.

Health and Office.

Considerations of health which effect cabinet changes are always terrors to governments. Peel attributed his ability to sustain the premiership to the fact that his nose bled every night. Tough old Palmerston had no such relief, so bought himself a mighty towering desk at which he had to stand. If he slept at his work he fell and so was aroused. But he had his own test. Before his house ran high iron railings, and at dead of night the old Spartan would stealthily climb them twice and so learn whether he was physically fit to govern the empire.—London Chronicle.

Careful About His Grave.

A Pittsburgh man's will recently referred to a "floweriess burial plot" and gave directions for a brick and cement grave where no flowers or plants are ever to be grown. He made provision for $7 a year for watering grass, which is to be allowed on the grave, and directed that the fence about the plot be painted with a certain kind of aluminum paint, applied with a camel's hair brush.—Exchange.

"Key" Not a Spanish Word.

The word "key" as used in Key West, the island and city of Florida, is not, as supposed, entirely a Spanish word. Key is a Spanish corruption of an American Indian word meaning an island, a sand bank or a rock in the sea. —Exchange.

Honest Graft.

Stella—I wish I knew where I could steal some money in a law abiding and respectful way. Bess—Dear me! What do you want with so much money as that?—Life.

Two of a Kind.

"Where did you get that stuff, kid?"

"I was teached it."

"Teached it? Who learned you to talk that way?"—Kansas City Journal.

Poetry.

"Do you enjoy modern poetry?"

"Very much. It's such good fun trying to figure out what it means."—Detroit Free Press.

The less heart a man puts into a task the more labor it requires.—Amiel

16-DAY Seashore Excursion

Over Labor Day

Atlantic City

Cape May, Wildwood

Ocean City, Sea Isle City and Other Resorts

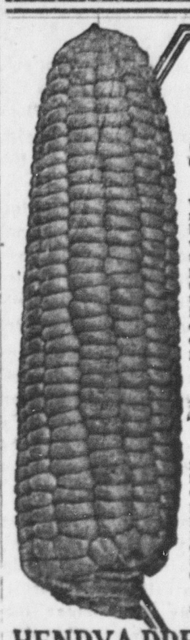
Saturday, September 1

$8.50 From Bellefonte

25 cents additional to Atlantic City via Delaware River Bridge Route.

Only all-rail line to Atlantic City

PENNSYLVANIA R. R.



Dreer's Aristocrat Sugar Corn

A delicious extra early variety which was for many years controlled by a prominent gardener who furnished truck to the aristocrats of Newport, R. I. Ears of large size with broad grains that allow of easy scoring with a knife when eaten off the cob. Liberal packet—10 cts., postpaid.

Dreer's Garden Book for 1917

makes gardening easy for amateurs. Hundreds of cultural notes by experts. 288 pages, colored plates and duotone plates. Lists practically everything worth growing in Vegetables, Flowers and Plants.

A copy sent free if you mention this publication.

HENRY A. DREER 714-16 Chestnut St. Philadelphia

A healthy man is a king in his own right; an unhealthy man an unhappy slave. For impure blood and sluggish liver, use Burdock Blood Bitters. On the market 35 years. $1.00 a bottle.

Read The Bellefonte Republican $1.50 in advance

EAT ANYTHING, ANYTIME! Believe that after-dinner distress, remove the cause of lassitude, drowsiness and headache, the symptoms of INDIGESTION, take nature's remedy

SEVEN BARKS

It quickly clears the system by its natural tonic action on the bowels, and restores vigor to a weary stomach. Clears the blood and eradicates Uric Acid. Price 50 cents a bottle at all druggists or from the proprietor, Lyman Brown, 68 Murray St., New York City.

The Main Thing About FIRE INSURANCE

Is carrying a sufficient amoun o really protect your property for after a fire one can only accept the result.

Better see to it that you are fully insured and in a company celebrated for prompt payment of losses; a good reliable company the only kind represented by us.

Also represent The Preferred accident Insurance company of New York, which issues $5,000 [illegible] per year.

Harry E. Fenlon

Temple Court - - - Bellefonte, Pa

Real Estate Bought and Sold, RENTS COLLECTED.

RED CROSS

Have you visited the workrooms of the Red Cross at Bellefonte, and seen the perfect organization and the admirable work that is being done? Do you know that many women are giving almost all their time to this work? Do you think you ought to help?

Give something to your local branch or send a contribution to Chas. M. McCurdy, Treas. Bellefonte, Pa.

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK BELLEFONTE, PA.

P. B. CRIDER & SON

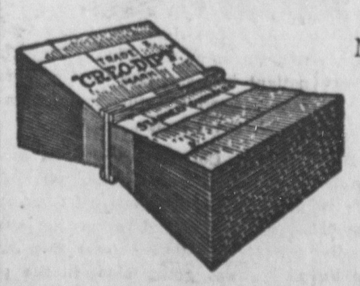
Office, Lumber Yard and Planing Mill at Lamb St. Bridge, Bellefonte, Pa. Manufacturer and Dealer in

Western, Southern and Local Lumber.

Of Every Kind and Quality.

Boards, Plank, Timber, Plastering Lath, Flooring, Ceiling, Siding, Frames, Interior Finish, Porch Work, Sash, Doors, Mouldings and Novelties in Wood.

Distributing Agents For



Mauck's Red Seal Brand of Pacific Coast Red Cedar Shingles.

Creo Dipt Red Cedar Shingles. All colors and Best Quality.

Bird & Son's Neponset Shingles. Paroid Roofing and Wall Board.

Call, Write or phone for information

Bell Phone 170-J. Commercial Phone 44-Y

P. B. CRIDER & SON

Here and There.

Claude Irvin, of Snow Shoe, was a Bellefonte visitor last Saturday.

Mrs. P. H. Gherrity, of this place, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. James C. Davis, in Tyrone.

John Weber, one of the progressive merchants of Howard, was a business visitor in Bellefonte Monday.

Edward Miller, son of County Commissioner Isaac Miller, of Philadelphia, has been visiting his father and brothers in Bellefonte.

Mr. and Mrs. John Henderson, of Philadelphia, are visiting at the home of Mrs. Henderson's mother, Mrs. Barnes, on Bishop street.

Miss Mary Hull, accompanied by her niece, Miss Aileen Hull, left last Saturday for Niagara Falls, where they will visit with relatives for several months.

A. G. Morris, Sr., and his daughter, Miss Lydia Morris, left Bellefonte Monday morning for Pittsburgh, where on Tuesday they attended the funeral of Mrs. Johnston.

Next Monday being Labor Day you might as well go over to Centre Hall and take in the picnic of the P. O. S. of A. It will be some affair and all who go will enjoy themselves.

Ex-Sheriff Robert Cook, of Howard, was among the visitors in Bellefonte Monday. It was his first visit to the county seat for some time. He is looking better and younger.

Miss Katherine Maloy, of Mifflinburg, who had been spending some time in Bellefonte as a guest of her brother, Dr. E. S. Maloy, left Monday afternoon for her home after a pleasant visit.

Mrs. Melvin and her two daughters, Helen and Mary Louise, who had been visiting as guests of Mrs. James Noonan, at the Brandt House, left Bellefonte Monday morning for their home in Corning, N. Y.

Dr. G. P. Ard, of the United States Medical Corps, son of Dr. W. P. Ard, of Woodward, Centre county, has the distinction of being detailed to John Hopkins hospital, Baltimore, for a period of six weeks.

Mrs. Harry Keller left Bellefonte Monday morning for Wyncote to visit her sister, Mrs. W. C. Stoddard. She will return in about two weeks accompanied by her son William, who has been visiting at the Stoddard home.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Garman and family and Postmaster and Mrs. Allen S. Garman, of Tyrone, are enjoying an outing at Edgefonte, at Axe Mann. During the week several groups of Tyrone ladies motored to Edgefonte and were guests of the Garmans.

Paul Wetzel, of Bellefonte, returned recently from Fort Niagara where he was turned down as an applicant for the officers reserve corps. The difficulty was with his eyes. He will probably go before the local examining board and if he is accepted he will go into the army.

Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Crider and daughter, Mrs. Charles E. Dorworth, and her two children, Charles, Jr., and Rebecca, motored last week to Manasquan, New Jersey, where they have taken a cottage for several weeks. Mrs. Charles K. Rath and two children, of Elizabeth, New Jersey, are also at Manasquan.

County Auditor Clement Gramley, of Rebersburg, greeted his many friends in town on Monday, coming over to attend a court proceeding between Miles Township, Centre County, vs. Lamar Township, Clinton County, to determine the liability for the maintenance of a pauper resident. Counsel for Lamar Township did not appear, so that but one side of the case could be heard on Monday.

Mrs. Chaney Hicklen and her daughter, Miss Mary, who had been spending the summer with friends and relatives in Philadelphia, are expected in Bellefonte this week. They will occupy their residence on Logan street and Mr. and Mrs. LaBarre, who had been occupying the house during the summer months, will move into their home on the corner of Spring and Howard streets.

Don Wallace, who for some time past has been located with his parents at Akron, Ohio, was an arrival in town last week and his numerous old home friends were glad to see him. He is looking well and apparently the life in Akron agrees with him. Don says that his folks have been particularly busy for months past, being engaged on a number of construction contracts. Despite the high prices for materials and labor thousands of buildings of all kinds are being erected in Akron and the Wallace boys are getting their share of the work.

This is to call the attention of the people of Bellefonte that James E. Solt will be in his shoemaker shop on south Allegheny street next Monday. He is lame and is trying to provide for himself and family and should be liberally patronized. Besides being a cripple he was unfortunate in having an infection of the hand that compelled him to go to the local hospital for eight weeks. The hand is improving and Mr. Solt desires that all his old customers and as many new ones as possible should take their work to him and thus help him out of his difficulties. He is a worthy man who should receive some consideration from the people of this community.

Cyrus Hunter, of Stormstown, greeted friends in town on Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry C. Weaver, of Bellefont, spent several days of last week with relatives in Philadelphia.

Mrs. Thomas A. Shoemaker, of Bellefonte, will close up her residence this winter and has leased the residence of Mrs. Robert H. Hayes.

Mrs. George Haworth, who had been spending a few days in Bellefonte as the guest of Miss Louise Brachbill, left Monday for Lock Haven where she will visit friends.

Mr. Robert Shaner, of Kane, who attended the Elks' State convention at Shamokin, stopped off at Bellefonte Saturday and remained until Sunday with relatives.

W. C. Snyder, superintendent of the Lehigh Valley Coal Co's operations at Snow Shoe, reached Bellefonte Monday afternoon from a business trip in the western part of the state.

Miss Laura Eisle, Miss Alma and John Buchman, of Altoona; Mrs. Della Williams, and daughter, Catherine, of State College, were the week-end guests of Mr. and Mrs. Cyrus Solt, on South Spring street.

Miss Verna Chambers, the very efficient deputy County Treasurer, is enjoying a brief vacation. Miss Flora Pletcher, of Howard, is assisting with the clerical duties of the office in the absence of Miss Chambers.

Nevin Cole, one of the very obliging attaches of the Bellefonte First National bank, will soon forsake his bachelor days and become the faithful husband of Miss Lela E. Ardery, of this place. The wedding will take place in the near future.

Whatever you do next Saturday evening don't forget the Girls Band festival at Milesburg which promises to be an eventful occasion. The young lady musicians will give a concert followed by an old fashion cake walk. Ice cream will be served.

James R. Hughes announces that the Bellefonte Academy will open its for fall session on Wednesday, September the 12th, with an unusually strong faculty and a large number of students. Day pupils need not report until Thursday, September 13th.

M. C. Hansen, who has charge of the Abramsen Rolling Mill Manufacturing plant, is probably the happiest man in Bellefonte, and why shouldn't there be cause for rejoicing? On Friday the stork appeared and left at his home on Bishop street a bouncing big boy. His family now consists of a girl and boy.

Amos Copenhaven, of near Hannah Furnace, one of Centre County's wide-awake farmers, greeted friends in town last Friday. For a time Mr. Copenhaven was located in Pittsburgh, later going to Akron, Ohio. About three months ago he returned to Centre County since which time he has been busy in the harvest fields.

George VanDyke spent Sunday in Bellefonte as the guest of his family, Mrs. Carrie VanDyke and daughter, Miss Mary. He is bookkeeper for Anderson Bros., contractors, who are at present busily employed at Knoxville, Westmoreland county. He is a very busy man and to get off just when he desires is impossible. His friends here, of course, were glad to see him looking so well.

Former County Commissioner Harry Zimmerman knocked off farm work for a few hours last Saturday and came to town where he greeted numerous friends. Farm labor being scarce Mr. Zimmerman forgot all about being seventy-three years old and worked every day in the harvest fields during the summer. Naturally he lost somewhat in weight, but his health is remarkably good and he says that he never felt better.

The family of the late James A. Fiedler who at one time made their home in Bellefonte, has moved from Williamsport to Seattle, Wash., where they will make their future home. Blaine Fiedler, the oldest son, has been out in that country for several years and is getting along fine. Mrs. Fiedler will be remembered as the daughter of the late Emanuel Brown and a sister of Clayton Brown. Mr. Fiedler at one time had the Gazette office.

Dr. George Klump, of Williamsport, arrived in Bellefonte accompanied by his little son. It will be remembered that the doctor was once a practicing physician here. On one of his professional visits the writer accompanied him one night at eleven o'clock and we were compelled to pace up and down the public road for two hours trying to keep warm. The only consolation we had was that the moon was shining bright. The patient had smallpox and readers can readily figure why the highway was preferable to the house.

Friday Col. Emanuel Noll returned to Bellefonte from Boston where he attended the annual National Encampment of the G. A. R. It seems he was the only representative from this district. As he was going along in the parade Rev. John Hewitt, formerly pastor of the Bellefonte Episcopal church, embraced him and walked with him for ten squares. Naturally both comrades were glad to see each other. To both it was an unexpected pleasure. Rev. Hewitt was there as the honored guest of the department commander and was standing along the line of parade to see the Nebraska regiment pass.

The majority of the stores in Bellefonte will close Monday, Labor Day.

John Smith, of Chester, is visiting his mother, Mrs. Peter Smith, in Bellefonte.

Mrs. Frank Barnes, of Washington, D. C., is the guest of Myra Humes in Bellefonte.

Harry Eberhart left Bellefonte Wednesday for WilkesBarre to attend the P. O. S. of A. State convention.

Miss Sarah Shuey, of Williamsport, spent the Sabbath in Bellefonte with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Shuey.

By consulting the ad of Weaver Bros., the grocers, this week you will find something that will interest everybody.

Ogden Malin, of Pittsburgh, is spending his vacation in Bellefonte as the guest of his father, W. L. Malin, on Howard street.

Dr. and Mrs. H. W. Tate, will leave Bellefonte Saturday in their automobile for Philadelphia to visit relatives and friends for several days

Miss Louise Brachbill left Bellefonte Wednesday morning for Lock Haven. From there she will accompany Mrs. George Haworth, to Washington, D. C.

Wednesday morning Charles Keichline returned from Kirkville, Y. Y., where he and his wife had been visiting at Mrs. Keichline's home. Mrs. Keichline is extending her visit.

Milton Johnston left Tuesday morning for WilkesBarre where he attended the State convention of the P. O. S. of A. He represented the local order, which is perhaps the largest organization in the county.

Mrs. James Bayard, of Williamsport, arrived in Bellefonte Tuesday afternoon and is the guest of her sister, Mrs. A. M. Mott, on South Allegheny street. Later she went to State College to visit other sisters.

Labor Day services will be held in St. John's Reformed church next Sunday morning at 10.30. A special order of service will be used with an appropriate sermon. Labor organizations and men are specially invited.

Mrs. Adaline Lyon Maginnis and her children, who had been spending the summer months in Bellefonte as the guests of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Lyon, will leave for her home in Atlanta, Ga. Saturday.

Luther Smith the capable blacksmith, and his family returned to Bellefonte Monday afternoon from visiting his uncle and other friends in Nipino valley, Lycoming county. He says the crops in that section are fine.

Tuesday evening Jake Barlett, the Bellefonte drayman, and Frank Kern, the laundryman, invited some of their friends to a corn roast at their summer cottage up Spring creek. Everything was done up to the Queen's taste.

Daniel Burket Wilson, of Huntingdon, who was a student at the Pine Grove Mills Academy with the late General James A. Beaver and other distinguished citizens, passed away Monday. He was born in Huntingdon county, December 9th, 1850.

The Germans have invaded Bellefonte, all right. The company is composed of Mrs. William German and her two bright and interesting children. They are the welcome guests of Mrs. Elizabeth Olewine, on Spring street, and are having a delightful time.

Commissioner Isaac Miller left Tuesday morning for Howard in company with two prisoners from the county bastile. He repaired a bridge in that community with the aid of the prisoners. Mr. Miller has been quite successful in filling the labor breach with men from the jail which is certainly a great help in solving the labor problem.

Alfred Koontz Esq., a prominent lawyer of Youngstown, Ohio, and Mrs. Adam Wolfe, of Lewistown, arrived in Bellefonte Wednesday in an automobile and spent the night with Mrs. Sarah Satterfield. They left Thursday morning for Lewisburg and from there Mr. Koontz will return to the "Buckeye" state, he being interested in a large legal case.

Trude Bidwell, son of Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Bidwell, of Bellefonte and Miss Jane Hafer, daughter of the late Dr. A. W. Hafer, of Bellefonte, are now in France. The former is an officer in the United States Navy while Miss Hafer, who is well known here, is a professional nurse but is now engaged in the service of the Red Cross and will do work in the hospitals, on the battlefield and in the trenches. Mr. Bidwell may be called upon to go into a naval battle before the war ends.

Mrs. N. J. McMeen, an aged and highly respected lady, who makes her home with her daughter, Mrs. Harry Curtin, at Curtin's works, reached her 88 birthday Monday which was an occasion for many of her friends to call and offer their congratulations on her reaching such an advanced age. It shows that she has been observing those rules of health that are conducive to length of days. Although within two years of being 90 years of age she is still quite active and retains her faculties in a remarkable way so it might be her good fortune to round out the century. She has lived in this vicinity for years and has watched with interest the progress and changes that have taken place during her long and useful life. Her friends join in wishing her many more birthdays.

Tuesday Capt. H. Laird Curtin had sale of stock and farming implements on his farm near Curtin. It attracted a large number of people and most everything sold at high prices.

Mrs. Viola D. Romans, a noted Chautauqua lecturer, of Ohio, will speak in the Diamond Saturday evening, Sept. 8th. In case of rain the meeting will be held in the Court House.

Leroy Hartswick, of Ambridge, and Harold Hartswick, of Baden, near Pittsburgh, were in Bellefonte Monday attending the funeral of the little son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Milard Hartswick.

Lieut. Charles E. Garbrick left town Tuesday morning for the soldiers camp at Syracuse, N. Y. He has been assigned to the 48th Infantry, and the probabilities are he will be leaving for France in the near future.

William Wallis, of Pittsburgh, who spent Sunday and Monday in Bellefonte at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. J. Will Conley, left for home Tuesday morning. His wife, who has been here for some time, is extending her visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Sylvester Bixler, of Lock Haven, arrived in Bellefonte Monday and were met at the train by Henry Linn. Mrs. Bixler will be remembered as Miss Margaret Potter, daughter of Mrs. George L. Potter, who has been ill.

Monday afternoon Sheriff Yarnell and policeman Harry Dukeman went to Axe Mann and brought Myrtle Fike to Bellefonte and again placed her behind the bars. She was convicted at the last term of court for arson and is now waiting to see if she gets a new trial.

William Royer and son "Mac," of Niagara Falls, spent Wednesday evening in Bellefonte as guests of relatives. Today they went to Tyrone and again returned to Bellefonte to remain until Monday when they will return home. "Billy" is employed in the printing department of the Carborundum Co., one of the largest manufacturing industries in that city.

Notice to the Public.

On and after September 1st there will be an advance of ten per cent in the price for flat work, family washes and laundry work at the Bellefonte Steam laundry and the City Steam laundry. This advance has been made compulsory owing to the big increase in the cost of all kinds of material and supplies entering into the laundry work.

JOHN NOLL, Bellefonte Steam Laundry.
F. L. KERN, City Steam Laundry.

Notice.

To the tax payers of the Borough of Bellefonte:

I am a candidate for the office of tax collector. I solicit your influence, support and vote at primary election September 19th, 1917, on my past record. When I was tax collector, I paid off a floating debt of twenty thousand dollars. I reduced the millage to twenty-two mills. I settled my duplicates six months after I went out of office. If I am nominated and elected, I will assure the tax payers my record will be the same as it was in the past.

Very truly yours,
Adv. J. M. KEICHLINE.

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Fall term of 1917 opens September 17th. Write for catalog.

President Juniata College,
Huntingdon, Pa.

—"and here's your Ætna check"

Mighty nice of the folk to bring flowers and fruit. But of all the gifts, nothing is so comforting as this Ætna check for $250 every four weeks.

I've had some siege of it here—over two months since the boiler explosion in the factory. Doubt if I'd have pulled through if my mind hadn't been at ease about my family. Knew, too, that if I did pass out, they'd be taken care of with the $15,000 they'd get in indemnity and increases, from my ÆTNA DISABILITY POLICY.

As it is, even when I get home, every four weeks $200 will be coming to me while I'm in bed and then $25 a week until I'm able to tackle the job again.

Often takes an experience like this to make a man want to

ÆTNA-IZE

It's a wonder a husky fellow like myself had the forethought. But you never can tell when sickness or accident will grab you—and I want to do the right thing by wife and the kids. Besides, it costs so little. Write, call or 'phone today.

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